THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

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NOTICE.

A Special Supplement of THE SPEAKER, *containing Literary and other contributions, will be published on Saturday, July 23rd. Advertisements for this number should reach the Manager, 115, Fleet Street, E.C., by July 20th.*

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE chief business in Parliament during the week has been the consideration of the Irish Local Government Bill in Committee. Good progress was made until the financial clauses were reached, late on Tuesday evening. Next day the efforts of a section of advanced English and Welsh Liberals—chiefly representing agricultural constituencies—to debate and expose these clauses were met with the closure; and finally, the impatience of Mr. Gerald Balfour at their opposition led to a stormy scene — imperfectly composed by the arrival of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who had been hastily summoned to restore peace. The debate—in which Mr. Dillon declared that the Liberal opponents of the Bill had received unfair treatment from the Government—was resumed on Thursday, when the financial clauses were disposed of, and the clerical disabilities imposed by the Bill were confirmed by 165 to 74. The Bill was rushed through Committee, including recommittal, and finally reported at five a.m.

ON Tuesday Mr. Balfour, at the opening of the sitting, made an important statement with regard to the state of business. He complained of the slow rate of progress with Supply, in spite of the fact that the new rules had been enforced during the session. He named four Bills—the Teachers' Superannuation Bill, the Seed Potatoes Bill, the Poor-Law Relief (Ireland) Bill, and the Colonial Loans Bill—which had not yet been introduced, but which he thought ought to pass. Other measures with which considerable progress had been made were the Irish Local Government Bill, the Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill, the Vaccination Bill, the Prisons Bill, the London University Bill, the Habitual Inebriates Bill, the Local Taxation (Scotland) Bill. All these, he hoped, would pass. He mentioned a long list of Bills which, being non-contentious, would also, he trusted, become law during the session, and he began the slaughter of the innocents by formally abandoning four measures of minor importance. It was made clear by Mr. Balfour's statement that the session will be more than commonly barren, so far as the output of legislative measures is concerned.

THERE was an interesting and, from some points of view, amusing discussion in the House of Lords on Tuesday, when the Archbishop of Canterbury asked the Duke of Devonshire on what authority the Vice-President of the Council had stated publicly that the teaching of the Bible in Board Schools in large towns was far superior to the teaching of the same subject in Voluntary Schools in the same places. The Archbishop admitted that there was good religious teaching in Board Schools, but declared that all the information he received indicated that it was the reverse of superior to that given in Voluntary Schools. The Duke of Devonshire read an explanation which he had received from Sir John Gorst to the effect that his statement was an expression of his own personal opinion, and was founded on his own personal observation. The Duke said that Sir John Gorst was not animated by any hostile feeling to Voluntary Schools. He had, rather, a sincere and anxious desire to increase their efficiency. In the subsequent discussion, the Vice-President of the Council was severely rebuked by Lord Londonderry and defended by Lord Halifax and Lord Kimberley.

A MEMORIAL of Edmund Burke was unveiled by Lord Rosebery in Beaconsfield Church, in which Burke's remains are buried, on Saturday last. At a subsequent luncheon, Lord Rosebery made a short speech, in which, after contrasting the scene of that morning with the solemn ceremonial many of them had witnessed in Westminster Abbey a few weeks ago, he pointed out that they were commemorating not so much the great writer and orator, whose best memorial was to be found in his own works, as the country gentleman who had long been associated with that parish. He gave an interesting account of Burke as a resident at Beaconsfield, and of the sympathy he constantly showed with his poorer neighbours. It was, he declared, in his home life in the country that Burke was seen at his best.

ALL Liberals will learn with sincere regret that, owing to the state of his health, Mr. Arthur Acland has felt constrained to place his resignation of his seat in Parliament in the hands of the Liberals of Rotherham. We should be loth to believe that this step indicates that the brilliant public career of

Mr. Acland has come to an end. Serious as has been the illness by which he has been prostrated for the last two years, there is reason to hope that he will, in course of time, recover from it, and no doubt his recovery will be accelerated by his complete freedom from the responsibilities of Parliamentary life. All who are acquainted with the work of the last Government must be aware of the part which Mr. Acland played both in council and administration. His labours in the Education Department were of inestimable value, and if he had been able to occupy his place in the present Parliament, the debates upon the educational policy of the Government would have been still more damaging to Ministers than they actually were. Mr. Acland is still comparatively a young man, and we hope that he yet has a future before him which will fulfil the brilliant promise of the past.

Mr. Dudley Ryder was returned for Gravesend on Wednesday by 2,372 votes, against 1,955 given to Mr. Runciman, the Liberal candidate—a majority of only 417, the smallest since 1885. This result, in a constituency so unpromising for the Liberals as Gravesend, may well give Liberal workers hope for the coming contests. For the first of these, in Reading, Mr. G. W. Palmer has been adopted as the Liberal candidate, and Mr. Keyser as the Conservative. A Labour candidate is announced in the person of Mr. Quelch, of the Social Democratic Federation. But we fancy that he will not greatly affect the result.

In addition to the possible vacancy at Rotherham, two other seats in the House of Commons have become vacant during the week. One is the seat for the Launceston Division of Cornwall. The sitting member, Mr. Thomas Owen, met with a fatal accident near his residence in Wales on Sunday last. Mr. Owen won the seat at the last election by a majority of 658, and there ought to be no difficulty in retaining it for the Liberal party. The other vacancy has been occasioned by the sudden retirement of Lord Arthur Hill from the representation of West Down. Lord Arthur Hill has served for many years as one of the Conservative Whips, and his sudden retirement has taken his party and the House of Commons by surprise. He himself has denied that it has any political significance, but a belief prevails that it is not unconnected with the dispensation of patronage in connection with the Colonies.

The dinner given on Wednesday at the Mansion House to Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley afforded the former an opportunity for a remarkably hopeful speech on the reforms about to be effected in the army by the Government. The War Department, he said, though it might be called "the Department of dilemmas," expected to be able to modify the system of linked battalions so that *esprit de corps* should not be affected, and yet the power of supplying troops for foreign service and of rapid mobilisation, which it is the great object of the system to secure, should be fully preserved. The increased number of recruits necessary for this end he fully expected to be obtained: the service had been made more attractive, the prospects of employment for reserve men increased, and the re-engagement of time-expired men had proved a success. Recruits who were under the standard measurements soon grew up to them, and there was hope that the rural population would soon get rid of their antiquated prejudice against enlistment. This is all very satisfactory, and shows that the Department can meet as well as deprecate criticism. But when Lord Lansdowne speaks of the increased attractiveness of the army as compared with forty or fifty years ago, one cannot but reply—first, that the recruit generally finds that the actual conditions of pay and service are not exactly what the handbills represent them; next, that the standard of comfort has risen more rapidly for the civil population (except the very poorest class) than for the soldier, great though the improvements in his condition and status have been; and, finally, that the ravages of disease, especially tropical diseases—for the special study of which, we are glad to see, it is proposed to establish a school—are a conspicuous offset to the advantages of soldiering. Lord Lansdowne suggested, however, that we might rely with advantage, to an increased extent, on West Indian or other non-European troops for tropical garrisons—a suggestion which we hope he intends to follow up.

The Anglo-American League, which held its inaugural meeting at Stafford House last Monday, and so afforded a refreshing contrast to certain Turcophil meetings in the history of that mansion, is a non-political body, which is assured of influential support from prominent personages in political, ecclesiastical, and municipal life, in literature, learning, and commerce. We need hardly say that we cordially wish the League all success in its efforts to promote constant and cordial co-operation with the United States: and we trust that its members will not allow the public to forget that racial and national affinities, in modern times, consist (as Renan pointed out soon after the Franco-German war, and Lord Rosebery repeated last week) in inheritance of common traditions rather than bare community of blood. Adoption and initiation into these traditions, indeed, was a recognised method of strengthening early societies, even though they found it necessary to introduce the fiction of common descent. But we, who know that the community of tradition is the essential thing, need not talk as if the sole element to be considered were blood.

The Twelfth of July has not passed without some rioting both in Belfast and in Donegal: though the preliminary outbreak last month over the celebration of the anniversary of '98 had fortunately served to promote precautions as well as to incite retaliation. The most notable features of the meetings held were the protests against Ritualism in England; and, in Belfast, the redoubtable Dr. Kane's vigorous attack on the Local Government Bill, which he denounced as a betrayal of Protestant Ulster and a measure of Home Rule.

An important step was taken on Monday in the improvement of the facilities of communication in London. The Duke of Cambridge formally opened on that day the new Electric Railway between Waterloo Station and the City. By means of this line, the London terminus of the South-Western Railway is brought within six minutes of the Mansion House—a boon which will be greatly appreciated by the many City men who live in our south-western suburbs. The Duke of Cambridge, after performing the opening ceremony, made a pleasant little speech, recalling the opening of London Bridge by William the Fourth, a ceremony of which he was an eye-witness, and the enormous changes which have taken place in the traffic of London since that event.

We are glad to see that an attempt is to be made to awaken public opinion on the subject of the evils caused by the use of poisonous phosphorus in the making of matches. There can be no doubt as to the reality of those evils, and apparently the Legislature has not yet been able to put an end to them. Apart from legislative interference, a remedy would easily be found if the public would consent

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In our advertisement pages will be found a notice of certain express trains pecially designed for tourists and holiday-makers to North Wales, Central Wales, and the Lakes.

to forego the use of these dangerous matches, and thus to put an end to the profitable manufacture of them. Unfortunately, the public is too often callous as to the consequence of its patronage of dangerous trades, and so long as poisonous matches are offered to it we may expect that it will buy them. This being the case, it should be the business of the newly-formed association to bring pressure to bear upon the Government in order to induce it to deal with the question by law.

It is good news to learn that the Imperial Postal Conference has at last agreed upon the establishment of a penny post between Great Britain, Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, Natal, and such Crown Colonies as are willing to adopt it. Our Australian colonies still, apparently, hold out against the scheme, though it might have been supposed that there are no colonies which would profit more largely by its adoption. It is, however, tolerably certain that when once the ice has been broken, and it has been found possible to adopt the penny postage between parts of the empire so far distant as Great Britain and Natal, it will not be long before the system becomes universal within the limits of the empire.

When, last autumn, the Liberal Government of Canada set about to secure cheaper postage communication with their best customer, and, being men of action, they decided to do the thing themselves without waiting for anybody else's consent, the Imperial Government was a little shocked, and it was even suggested that this was a breach of the Berne Convention. But the Canadian Ministers stuck to their guns. As a compromise, the change was deferred until after a postal conference in London to arrange for reciprocal concessions between different parts of the empire. The Canadian Tories jeered, and suggested that the proclamation was a mere bit of bombast, an attempt to do what everybody knew was impossible. But the conference has been held, and as a result we are to have penny postage to and from the Klondyke and South Africa, as well as from the nearer parts of Canada on the Atlantic coast, while it will still cost 2½d. to send a letter from Toronto to Buffalo. We congratulate the Liberal Government of Canada on this fresh achievement. They came into office with but few promises, and they have nevertheless done much—a good example to politicians in this country who are more ready to promise than to perform.

Mr. Balfour distributed the prizes won by the successful students of Guy's Hospital Medical School on Wednesday, and made an eloquent plea for the endowment of medical research. The subject is natural on such an occasion; but one cannot help remarking—what the researchers themselves would probably be among the first to remark—that there are practical difficulties about endowing research laboratories in medicine and surgery in England. In the first place, real research must generally be conducted without undue haste to get practical results; and the endowers of research are commonly practical people, who want to see the fruits of their beneficence. In the next, research of this kind on the Continent implies experiments on living animals, and sometimes on hospital patients, to neither of which the English conscience will reconcile itself. It is a notable fact, indeed, that the Milan hospital was one of the buildings most threatened during the recent disturbances—a proof what the masses in Lombardy think of their doctors. If the suggestion is taken up—and we think it might be, by the heads of the profession with their thousands or hundreds of thousands, if not by the outside rich with their millions—we fancy it will take the form of travelling studentships or grants for specific bits of work. We greatly doubt whether, in medicine, any man can venture to steep himself in pure scientific investigation without finding it necessary to restore his moral nature by constant contact with suffering humanity.

The South Wales coal-owners are following the example set by the engineering employers during their dispute last year. They absolutely decline conciliation, and refuse to accept the intervention of Sir Edward Fry or any other person appointed by the Government, and their terms are apparently final—at any rate, they will not accept the principle of fixing "the living wage," which appears to be the chief end of the men. They have, however, offered to negotiate with the authorised representatives of the men directly, and modified terms have been drafted by these latter, with the assistance of Sir Edward Fry. It is reported that this draft affords the basis of a possible settlement. The matter is to be discussed to-day: but the temper of the masters is not promising.

The report of the Petroleum Committee, which has been issued this week as the result of four years' hard work, gives hope of a considerable decrease in the number of lamp accidents that are really accidental, though probably, for the present, petroleum will rise considerably in price. The flash point is raised—by the vote of a bare majority of the Committee—from its present figure of 73° to 100°, "Abel test"—that is, oil is not to be sold which gives out inflammable vapour when heated to less than 100° Fahrenheit in a closed vessel; and regulations are proposed for the construction of lamps and the storage and transport of the oil which should greatly reduce the dangers to which the ignorant public are now exposed. It seems impossible, however, to avoid the conclusion that the exclusion of cheap American oils, which are below the new flash point, will not raise the cost to the consumer—at least until the difference is made up from the inexhaustible wells of Baku. The excluded American oils, we presume, will go to the East, and so furnish another reason for holding the Philippines and supporting the open door in China. But the British consumer of cheap oil and cheap lamps, whose natural bent is to prefer cheapness to safety, will probably feel less grateful to the Committee than they deserve.

The annual report of the Deputy-Master of the Mint contains a curious description of a new method of protecting the surface of bronze medals by a film of oxide. The medals of the Renaissance were not struck but cast, and acquired a pellicle of oxide during casting. The more modern method has been to "bronze" copper medals by painting them with common jeweller's rouge, but this was not altogether satisfactory. A better way has now been introduced from Japan. The Japanese artists employ dilute boiling solutions of certain salts of which verdigris and sulphate of copper are the more important. Strangely enough, Benvenuto Cellini described a similar solution for heightening the colour of gilded metals. The difficulty in introducing the Japanese process into Europe lay in the composition of their verdigris, called "Rokusho," which is formed by the action of plum-juice vinegar on plates of copper containing certain metallic impurities. The details of the manufacture are kept secret by the Japanese, but Mr. Roberts-Austen has, guided by analysis, compounded a mixture which produces as fine effects. The tints vary from golden yellow through deep brown to bright red, according to the quality of the copper and the relative amounts of malate, urate, and chloride of sodium in the mixture. This

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy Bryant & May's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

discovery, or adaptation, should be of value in other forms of art metal-work, especially if we can also introduce the Japanese method of producing a sheen or damascening which shows through the transparent film.

THE Mint Report contains a great deal of other interesting information. The British revenue derived from buying silver at its market value and selling it at its token value now exceeds half a million sterling per annum. The nominal value of the world's silver coinage of the year was £31,000,000, and though the seignorage is not everywhere as heavy as in England, the profit to the respective Governments must have reached £10,000,000. The gold coinage of the year amounted to £74,000,000, but, of course, much of this was recoinage. Turkey, for instance, melts down English sovereigns to coin Turkish liras.

ABROAD.

THE surrender of Santiago, and the enforced return of the Spanish garrison to their own country, delivers the whole of Eastern Cuba into the hands of the United States, and makes it almost certain that the end of the war is at hand. Spanish military honour, indeed, may still feel itself unsatisfied, and the Spanish element in Havana may still desire to resist the inevitable. But, if Spain is to make terms at all, she had better make them at once: and her public opinion is coming to recognise the fact. The attack on Manila, which was to take place yesterday, will, moreover, contribute to strengthen the peace party in Spain; though the interference of the German Squadron in the islands, and the German press, are making the conclusion of peace more difficult by worrying the pacific section of the American people into Imperialism. The Sagasta Ministry naturally hesitates to play the part of scapegoat for the complete breakdown of the Spanish system of defence; and Ministers therefore tendered their resignation early in the week. But naturally, also, none of their rivals care to relieve them of the risk; and so they remain in office.

M. CAVAIGNAC'S declaration of Thursday last was expected by the supporters of the Ministry to close the Dreyfus case. It has only served to reopen it in an acute form. M. Cavaignac, perhaps unintentionally, made it clear that the conviction was illegal. Colonel Picquart has now written to the Premier, offering, as the late chief of the Intelligence Department, to prove that two of the documents quoted in the Chamber cannot refer to M. Dreyfus, and that the third bears marks of forgery. M. Dreyfus's counsel has also produced a letter from his client, written on December 31st, 1894, and indicating that there was no confession, and that Dreyfus has been made the scapegoat for someone else. Parts of this confession are suppressed, but they will doubtless be revealed in due time. At any rate, the trial, now impending, of Major Esterhazy, and the trial, demanded by the militarist section, of Colonel Picquart, will give plenty of opportunity for fresh revelations. The Ministry have succeeded in shelving further discussion in the Chamber; they have only intensified it in the Press.

THE Italian Chamber has adjourned till November, after passing a severe Coercion Act in a very thin House. One clause, indeed—that relating to the compulsory residence of political suspects in such places as are appointed for them by the Government—appears to have been somewhat modified out of deference to the Liberal groups. The others respectively provide that the state of siege may be proclaimed or terminated at the discretion of the Executive; that the municipal and provincial elections shall be postponed till next year; and that steps may be taken to impose military discipline on the railway, postal, and telegraph employees. The railway men, it must be remembered, have a very strong trade union, and are regarded, with some reason, as a dangerous element in the forces making for disturbance. The Chamber, however, authorised the prosecution of four only out of the seven Socialist or Republican deputies against whom Ministers desired to proceed. Some friction on the question of coercion was also reported last week to exist in the Ministry. But the adjournment of the Chamber leaves the Executive a free hand; and the smallness of the number of deputies voting leaves us more than ever uncertain as to the real opinion of the country on the situation.

THE troubles of the Dual Monarchy continue to develop. We deal on a later page with the recent riots in Galicia, which will very possibly find their analogue in the Alföld of Hungary at no distant date. The conference between Germans and Czechs on the language problem seems very unlikely to succeed; and the Hungarian Government has so far carried out its threat of instituting a separate Customs that it has drafted a new tariff and submitted it to the Chambers of Commerce for discussion. This may be meant only to scare Austria into renewing the *Ausgleich*. But a good many Austrians seem eager to accept the division.

THE election contest at the Cape of Good Hope seems likely to resolve itself into a struggle over the person of Mr. Rhodes, considered as typifying the supremacy of the English race. The Afrikander Bond are opposing his re-election at Barkley West with all their strength, and demanding—through Mr. Schreiner—that he shall be relegated to the task of organising Rhodesia; while Sir Gordon Sprigg is presenting himself as the champion of English suzerainty and refusal to go to arbitration over the Transvaal Convention. In short, the contest is taking the worst possible form for the future peace of our South African Empire.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE fame of Macaulay has suffered, rather unjustly, at the hands of professed students of history: but, nevertheless, though the work of professed historians gets superseded, and the literary historian tends to survive merely as a name, Macaulay's works are reappearing in a new edition, nearly thirty-eight years after his death, and not long before the centenary of his birth. The Albany Edition of Macaulay's works (Longmans, Green & Co.), which opens with the first two volumes of the History, may be described as a handy library edition, easy to hold, compact, and printed in good, clear type. The introduction mentions some notable facts as to the literary history and circulation of his works—it is curious, in particular, that Macaulay's wonted "cocksureness" deserted him when the republication of his "Essays" was in question, and he was very reluctant to give his consent to it—and connects Macaulay in an interesting way with Mr. Gladstone. The two men entertained for one another a sincere and unfeigned regard, and Mr. Gladstone was wont to remark, when M.P.'s failed in grammar or style, that it were well if Macaulay were back again, "for he was a great purist, and a jealous guardian of the English language." The work is to be adorned with reproductions of a number of portraits, selected by the Director of the National Portrait Gallery.

THE Great Northern Railway announces an accelerated train service on its "direct" route to the watering places of the East and North-East Coast, and also certain new weekly excursions.

THE Great North of Scotland Railway is running very convenient fast trains in connection with the East and West Coast expresses to and from London. More detailed announcements will be found in our advertising columns.

It will be a pity if the trade dispute to which the advertising columns of the dailies bear witness should interfere with the success of the *Harmsworth Magazine*. It is a sixpenny magazine for threepence, which abandons the pursuit of mere names to seek for bright matter and new writers. The first number seems excellent; we notice specially the articles on "Notable Doubles," with illustrative photographs, and on "How we Get our Weather"; and there is a picture on every page.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Lynn, and who married the well-known engraver and Radical, Mr. W. J. Linton, had come up in early life from a vicarage in the Lake district to make her living by literature in London. She had held views, which forty years ago were advanced, on religion, politics, and the position of her sex; had written spirited and thoroughly healthy novels; done much journalistic work for Liberal papers; stimulated or shocked the religious world by her "History of Joshua Davidson," and amused it by her articles on the girl of the period. Like other pioneers, she had become a decided reactionist in her later life.—Mr. Thomas Owen, Liberal M.P. for Launceston, who was killed on Sunday by a fall on his Welsh estate, was an active promoter of Liberal principles both in the country of his birth and in the smaller Wales of the West.—Mr. Michael Ellison, for over half a century agent of the Sheffield estates of the Duke of Norfolk, was best known as a keen supporter of Yorkshire cricket.—The Baron Conrad d'Eybesfeld had been Minister of Public Worship and Public Instruction under Count Taaffe from 1880 to 1885. He had for many years retired from active politics: but, though a German, he is said to have been an ardent Home Ruler or "Federalist," like other members of the German aristocracy in Austria.

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

THE fall of Santiago has made the prospects of peace between the United States and Spain perceptibly brighter. Yet even this event, most fortunate though it is, does not imply that the end of the war is necessarily at hand. It is true that we have had repeated rumours of an approach of the two countries to each other, and that some telegrams indicate that there has been an interchange of direct communications between Madrid and Washington indicating a desire on the part of the Spanish Government to come to terms with its adversary. But, on the other hand, the ugly facts of the situation do not encourage the hopes of an early termination of the war. The Spanish Government and, we imagine, the bulk of the Spanish people would welcome such a termination gladly. The Ministry of Señor Sagasta is known to be anxious for peace. The Queen-Regent desires it passionately. But for the present the issue seems to have been taken out of the hands of the Queen and her Ministers. The army has for many years past been the supreme power in Spain. Governments, and not only Governments but sovereigns, have been made and unmade many times by the military power in the country; and until the soldiers are converted to the idea of peace it seems difficult to see how peace can be made. Desperate as the position of Spain is—and no one can doubt that it is desperate—so long as officers like Marshal Blanco are resolved to fight it is to be feared that the civil power at Madrid cannot prevent their doing so. Besides, the Government is bound to think of the interests of the dynasty as well as of those of the nation; and with a Carlist rising in prospect, ready to break out the moment peace is made against the wishes of the army, even Señor Sagasta, anxious as he is for peace, must feel constrained to move with slow and cautious steps. Unless, therefore, the Cabinet at Washington is prepared to grant exceptionally favourable terms to the Spanish, it is difficult to see how the Government at Madrid can put an end to the conflict. In America, it is curious to note, the popular feeling runs as strongly in favour of peace as it does in Spain. Americans who have come to this country recently from the other side of the Atlantic report that the public, in the Eastern States at all events, is already sick of the war. It is notorious that, all along, the resort to hostilities for the sake of Cuba was opposed by a large and influential section of the community. The "Yellow Press," the Jingo politicians of the Senate, and the less responsible portion of the public rushed the country into a war for which it was not prepared, and which, except in the first moments of patriotic enthusiasm, it did not view with favour. If public opinion in the States could now control the situation, we have very little doubt that peace might be made by Spain on very favourable conditions. Unhappily, it is not an easy matter to chain up the flood when it has once been let loose. Politics have entered into the question of the war in America as well as in Spain. The Republican party has to think of the November elections, and the hands of the President are tied by considerations affecting the interests of his party. Personally, he is as pacific in his disposition as the Queen-Regent of Spain herself. But, like her, he has to think of the dynasty—in his case the dynasty of Republican Presidents—and he dare not make peace upon terms which would prove ruinous to his party.

Thus the situation is complicated by many considerations that have nothing whatever to do with the fate of Cuba. But if the prospects of peace are thus darkened in the capitals of the two countries, the news of yesterday morning from the actual seat of war makes them look brighter. The surrender of Santiago is an event which, as a matter of fact, the Americans had really no right to expect. It is a stroke of good fortune that has come at the most opportune moment to relieve a tension which was well-nigh unbearable. For it is evident that if the Spanish troops in Santiago were in an evil plight, the American troops besieging the city were hardly in better case. That a grave tactical blunder was committed by General Shafter when he undertook the operations against Santiago is now generally admitted. In all probability the blunder was not his but that of the politicians at Washington, who insisted on conducting the war in the light of their own opinions, and apparently without much regard for the judgment of experts. The desire to capture the Spanish fleet was very great and very natural, for the fleet was the one arm of Spain which the Americans had any reason to regard with apprehension. If Santiago could have been taken by sudden assault, and the ships of Admiral Cervera delivered into the hands of Admiral Sampson, the attack upon the town would have been abundantly justified by its success. But this, as we know, did not happen. The fortifications of Santiago were strong enough to resist any sudden assault, no matter with what heroic courage it might be carried out by the soldiers of the Republic. The Spanish ships, it is true, did fall into the hands of Admiral Sampson, but they only did so because of the valorous recklessness of their commander. If General Shafter had withdrawn his troops from before the city after the destruction of Cervera's fleet he would

have acted with the sagacity of a great general. But he was hampered by political considerations. He could not withdraw his men when they had met with a check in the field, even although the original purpose of the American attack upon Santiago had been achieved. So he had to remain to face not only a very brave foe, but something infinitely more terrible, a pestilential climate and the horrors of yellow fever. Fortunately for him the situation in Santiago was so bad that the defence of the city could not be prolonged, and General Toral was compelled to come to terms for its surrender. Those terms are not dishonourable, and they reflect credit upon both sides. But the American victory has been bought at a heavy price. We do not know to what extent the ravages of yellow fever have sapped the strength of the brave fellows who lie in the muddy trenches before Santiago; but it is to be feared that even the fall of the city will not save the American army from the attacks of an enemy more deadly by far than the Spanish foe.

That Spain is engaged in a hopeless struggle is as manifest now as it ever was. Her only chance of waging war with success in Cuba lay in her retention of the command of the sea, and that she has now lost owing to the indisputable superiority of the fine American fleet. But this may not prevent a prolonged and sanguinary struggle in the island itself if Marshal Blanco refuses to listen to the counsels of Madrid and insists upon fighting to the bitter end. The fall of Santiago, it must be remembered, will not really affect in any material way the fate of Cuba as a whole. The war may be carried on for months yet, and it will necessarily be a war in which great loss and great suffering must be inflicted upon the combatants on both sides. Our hope is that this fact may be recognised both in Madrid and in Washington, and that it may strengthen the hands of the friends of peace in both countries. The more thoughtless portion of the American people have certainly had a great awakening from the visions conjured up by the Yellow Press. They have learned something of the realities of war during the past few weeks, and have discovered that an invasion of Cuba is no more to be undertaken lightly than was the historical "promenade to Berlin" of 1870. Yet the ultimate victory of the United States is assured, and English public opinion rejoices at the fact. Our sympathy with America is not likely to be lessened because we see that in the Philippines the German fleet is almost ostentatiously acting in such a manner as to assist the Spaniards against their foe. We cannot pretend to understand the statesmanship which permits German men-of-war to play this strange part in a contest in which they are supposed to be neutrals, and we imagine that some explanation will be offered by the German Government of the action which has been taken by German ships in the Far East. Englishmen will continue to long earnestly for an early peace, which will give Cuba her liberties and the United States an honourable termination to the war in which the Americans are now engaged.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has really no reason to be surprised at the conclusions of the Royal Commission on Old Age Pensions. When he put forward vague suggestions of universal provision for old age he was trying to win an election. He knew how the average elector hated the Poor Law system. It is, indeed, among the saddest facts of our national life that every year 30 per cent. of the population over sixty-five have to seek poor relief. Mr. Chamberlain is not himself destitute of sentiment, and he has a very keen appreciation of the effect of sentiment upon the votes of the common people. There could be no more powerful inducement to vote Unionist than to give the voter to understand that if he made a decent effort to help himself the Unionist Government would supplement his efforts by a sufficient annual allowance to make the workhouse impossible. So Mr. Chamberlain came out plump for old age pensions, and most of the Tory candidates covered their hoardings with that attractive allurement. The ingenious Mr. Hooley professed to provide out of his personal resources pensions for the men he was wooing, but did not, we fear, secure the gift in such a way as to defeat the prior claims of unsentimental creditors. As lately as last week Mr. Dudley Ryder placarded the dead walls of Gravesend with promises of pensions, though, as a member of the house of Coutts, he ought to have had some caution in matters of finance. It is impossible to suppose that such promises were without effect at the last General Election. Unfortunately there is no immediate remedy available against politicians who have secured place by false pretences.

Probably Mr. Chamberlain himself was not consciously dishonest in his professions. He is a man of sentiment, though his sentiment usually hovers round the region of the pocket. Though he has had a business training, he is curiously indifferent both to economics and arithmetic. He took up the notion of an Imperial Customs Union without consideration of the consequences. He gave figures as to the cost of insurance under his plan of compensation for accidents which experience has proved to be absurdly mistaken. We do not blame Mr. Chamberlain so much as we blame the colleagues who have profited by his enthusiastic inaccuracy. They, it is clear, were under no hallucination. They believed old age pensions to be impracticable, and, since they were forced to do something, they appointed a Commission to shelve the question. They selected the members and drew the terms of reference so as to make sure that the Commission should have no practical result. For who were the Commissioners? Three eminent permanent heads of departments, some actuaries, and Lord Rothschild. People of this sort are very useful at times in stifling enthusiasm, and the Government doubtless concluded that this was an occasion for their use. And what were the terms of reference? "To consider any schemes that may be submitted to them for encouraging the industrial population, by State aid or otherwise, to make provision for old age." The Commissioners reasonably enough concluded that they were debarred from considering any scheme on the German model, which compelled contributions instead of encouraging thrift, or any scheme like Mr. Booth's, which would make provision for old age without regard either to compulsory contributions or voluntary savings. They were debarred, in fact, from considering either the one scheme which has actually been tried or the one English proposal which is logically sound. Under these circumstances, their report was really a foregone conclusion. It may be very galling to Mr. Chamberlain, but it is just what Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues expected and desired.

It is very easy to point the moral as to the wickedness of reckless promises and the Nemesis which pursues rash politicians. But, to speak quite frankly, we do not think either party is in a position to throw stones. We have all of us at times rashly pledged ourselves to specifics for the cure of social evils which we have afterwards discovered to be

impracticable. We have all of us done so from good motives. We have all of us found that when the evil was a real one, it was very difficult to drop the specific even when we were convinced we could not carry it. It is quite absurd to suppose that the report of the Commission concludes the question of old age pensions. All that the report really proves is that no scheme for pensions has yet been devised which will encourage thrift and meet the social need without either the aid of compulsory contributions or of enormous State subventions. The criticism of the detailed schemes which were devised to keep within those limitations seems to us to be conclusive. The best of the schemes, that of Sir Spencer Walpole, proposed that every person of sixty-five who had half-a-crown a week of assured savings should get another half-crown from the local authorities, half the cost to fall on the rates and half on the Imperial Exchequer. If the assured income was less than half-a-crown, nothing would be paid; if it was more, something less than half-a-crown would be paid, so as to make the total weekly income from 5s. to 6s. It was estimated that less than one in four of the 2,000,000 of aged men and women in the United Kingdom would receive anything under this scheme, and they would not be the most necessitous, nor would they necessarily be the most deserving. Roughly speaking, four out of every seven aged persons are women, and working women, or the widows of working men, seldom have an assured income of half-a-crown a week, which involves a capital of £62 to purchase an annuity and of £200 if the savings are not to be lost to the family at death. The Friendly Societies do much more business in sick-benefits than in pensions, and the idea that funds accumulated for sick-benefits might be equivalent to half-a-crown a week turned out to be mistaken. Thus the immediate evil which demands a cure—the destitution of so many decent people who have worked hard all their lives—would not be touched by Sir Spencer Walpole's proposal. The Commissioners "entertain a strong hope that the improvement which is constantly taking place in the financial and moral conditions of labour will do much to deprive the problem of the importance now attaching to it." But if, as they think, the number of people who are past work, but have not half-a-crown a week to live upon, is nearly 900,000, and is so great as to deprive a scheme which neglects them of any real value, the hope of the Commissioners appears much too sanguine. While wages are increasing, the conditions of employment are year by year becoming more impersonal. Few employers now pension their old work-people, fewer still can afford to keep on men who are past their work. The mobility of labour, and other circumstances, make children less disposed than they used to be to maintain their destitute parents. Indeed, the son of a man of sixty-five, if a manual labourer, is already beginning to be past his work. All social tendencies seem to point to an increasing need for State assistance to supplement the provisions which may be made by a wage-earner's thrift.

In the unnecessary controversy between the *Chronicle* and the *Westminster Gazette* we take what may be called a middle course. We should deem it very unfortunate if Liberals were to conclude either that the problem is insoluble or that it is likely to solve itself. But we should deem it equally unfortunate if Liberals were to adopt a mere phrase as a policy without counting the cost. The cost is not necessarily a prohibitive cost, even if it should come to £20,000,000 a year. The increased cost of our armaments within the last two decades of peace cannot be put at a much smaller figure. But a sum of this magnitude cannot be raised by any form of jugglery without increased rates or increased taxation. For the future any politician who talks in a light and airy way of old age pensions as easy of achievement will be put down as—an enthusiast of the Chamberlain type.

THE RAILWAY COMPETITION IN CHINA.

IT is just a month since Lord Salisbury addressed a deputation representing the views of the Associated Chambers of Commerce on the subject of railway concessions in China. We remarked at the time that the matter of his speech was satisfactory enough; but we indicated our suspicion that it gave no assurance that the claims of British subjects would be pressed with the same energy as is displayed by Foreign Offices which habitually know their own minds. The events of this week—and more particularly Mr. Curzon's treatment of the subject in the House of Commons on Monday—tend to confirm this suspicion. We are not bound to believe all that the *Times* correspondent has telegraphed from Peking. Part of it has been officially contradicted by Mr. Curzon; but the real issue has hardly been met. The Hongkong and Shanghai Bank is reported to have advanced the money necessary to connect the railway from Peking northward with Niuchwang—a treaty port of growing importance, where the bulk of the foreign trade is, of course, in English hands. The Russians, who are naturally anxious to control this line, wish to prevent the traffic on it being thus tapped. They had rather take it on to Talienwan, if it must reach the sea; if not, they presumably desire to make the railway a feeder to the great Trans-Siberian line. The account of the means used by M. Pavloff to enforce their views is probably exaggerated—even if we suppose that Mr. Curzon's denial that any threat was used as to the occupation of Kuldja by Russia merely means that the threat was not made in any form of which another diplomatist could take cognisance. We do not yet know whether it is true that M. Pavloff has withdrawn his opposition on the condition that the advance shall not carry rights of foreclosure. If the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank is satisfied to lend its money on these terms, so much the worse for its shareholders. The Russian demand may be part of the ineradicable suspicion of English motives which our occupation of Cyprus instilled into the Russian mind. It may be feared, precisely as we fear about the Russian and French lines leading southward from Peking, that a line owned by Englishmen may some day be used for military purposes—in this case, to hinder the Russian approach to the Chinese capital. It is more probable that Russian diplomatists intend to have the railway worked on uncommercial principles, with a view to forcing traffic out of its natural course to the sea—an arrangement in view of which the existence of a mortgagee would be inconvenient, if not fatal. But we do not complain of the conflict—our information as to which is coloured by the pessimistic apprehensions natural to Englishmen in China—so much as of Mr. Curzon's curt dismissal of the subject. Englishmen are ready to invest capital in the opening up of China, and Lord Salisbury has verbally encouraged them to do so. It is important that they should know what the Foreign Office is doing to fulfil his promise to the Associated Chambers of Commerce that they shall have all the help they can.

The position, which we indicated when Lord Salisbury gave the promise, has been rendered rather more alarming this week by two sets of occurrences—the revelation of the nature of the new regulations as to inland navigation, and the revolt in Southern China. The position of the railway question, as was pointed out a month ago, is this: Lines are being made southwards from Peking, one of which leads through the province of Shansi south-west to join the main route from China into Central Asia, so that it may hereafter be part of another great scheme of communication between China and the Russian Empire. Another, which is financed by French and Belgian capital, leads nearly due south from Peking to Hankow, and so gives direct access to the valley of the Yangtse-kiang, connecting it indeed ultimately with the Trans-Siberian line. Now, were these railways certain to be worked on commercial principles, they would be of great value to the development of British commerce. In spite of all that is said about the Trans-Siberian, it is difficult to believe that any important traffic, except in tea and silk, can ever be attracted over that line from China. True, the caravan trade from that country to Russia now amounts to perhaps ten millions sterling a year; but it cannot much affect the rest of Europe, and sea traffic, under present conditions, must ordinarily have the advantage over railway-borne goods. But if the opening up of the rivers to foreign traffic—which will mainly be British—is illusory, the case is altered. Traffic from the Yangtse may then be attracted onto the Hankow-Peking line, and pass over the Peking-Manchurian line to Talienwan instead of Niuchwang; and the Hoangho may be tapped in the same way by both lines. Then the Niuchwang extension will be starved, and yet the British mortgagees will be unable to foreclose, and so to develop it themselves. And goods for Northern China may enter the empire, not by Shanghai or Niuchwang, but by Talienwan. The lines, in short, may be worked so as to kill water traffic, as English railways have killed canal traffic and the traffic of the smallest seaports. It looks like a losing game. But enterprising American railroad managers have quite commonly made heavy immediate sacrifices for the sake of prospective gain; and Russian expansionists may do likewise, especially when the gain is not merely commercial.

But, after all, the military aspect of the question may be the more serious. The revolt in Wuchau may only be the first of a series, portending the break up of the Chinese Empire. Our rivals are ready with their measures. Germany is planning a large city at Kiao-Chau; Russia will control the new lines sufficiently to use them for the movement of troops southward on occasion without hindrance. When that occasion comes, where shall we be? Presumably shut up in Wei-hai-wei—and without such definite and specific interests in the interior of China as may give us cause for interference. But these Franco-Russo-Belgian railways will give other nations a definite and specific reason for interference. No doubt, as Lord Salisbury told the United Club, a Chinese Tel-el-Kebir would be a very undesirable event. But a Chinese Tel-el-Kebir, in which the victor was a Protectionist nation, would be still more undesirable for us and for the world at large. Ministers have, or had, a policy in China—to insist on the "open door," and to secure that the Yangtse Valley should not pass into foreign hands. Do they mean to follow it? If so, they must assure the world of their energy both in getting the inland navigation really opened and in making it clear to the world that any concessions to our capitalists in any part of China will be at least as well secured as those obtained by our Protectionist rivals.

BAITING SIR JOHN GORST.

THE Vice-President of the Council, though not in the Cabinet, is a far more important personage than most Cabinet Ministers. If he had the same authority as Mr. Acland had before him, he would have carried on the excellent work of his predecessor, whose retirement from public life is a subject of such deep and general regret. Sir John Gorst has been muzzled. During the term of the late Government the office of President of the Council was practically in abeyance, and no salary was paid in respect of it. Lord Kimberley held it when he was Secretary of State for India. Lord Rosebery held it when he was Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. By this convenient arrangement the country saved two thousand a year, and Mr. Acland, who had a seat in the Cabinet, directed without interference the policy of the Education Department. The Duke of Devonshire has reverted to the former practice, and Sir John Gorst is reminded at every turn of his subordinate position. He has taken his revenge. No member of the Government, not even Mr. Chamberlain, has given his colleagues more trouble. He is a real friend of education, and his aims are always admirable. He delights in exposing the fallacies of his official superiors, and as his distinguished colleague in the representation of Cambridge said about another man, "he pursues that object with the temperate implacability which belongs to a disappointed man of the world." An able lawyer, with a clear head and a love of logical precision, he is fretted by the slovenly thinking of the Church party and their friends. In moving the Education Estimates he examined the arguments of these gentlemen, and showed that they were not consistent either with facts or with each other. In particular, he was at pains to demolish the delusion that Church schools were necessary for the maintenance of religious teaching. He had, he said, compared the Church schools and the Board schools of London in that particular, and had found that religion was better taught in those schools which were under public control. The Bishops were furious, and the Tories, who hate Sir John Gorst almost as much as if he were a Liberal Unionist, began to clamour for his removal. But Lord Salisbury, though an orthodox High Churchman, dislikes dulness even more than heresy, and enjoys Sir John's sardonic humour. Sir John Gorst's latest escapade will not lead to his dismissal from office. It may put him in the Cabinet. There are so many dullards in that august body that the addition of a clever man would do no particular harm. We observe that the *Times*, which, a few weeks ago, was asking how long the Prime Minister would tolerate Sir John's independence, now seriously recommends that he should be admitted to the intellectual society of Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Long.

The House of Lords indulged on Tuesday in the amusement of "Gorst-baiting." As Sir John Gorst could not defend himself, the pursuit was not quite sportsmanlike. But the Archbishop of Canterbury began it, and an Archbishop's standard of sport, like Wordsworth's standard of intoxication, is deplorably low. The Primate, who has not studied the Platonic Dialogues for nothing, conceived that he had made a good point against the Vice-President. Since 1870 Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools have not been allowed to examine in religion. How then can they know where religion is best taught? But the

ingenuous Archbishop omitted to add that though the inspectors do not examine in religion they may be present when it is taught, and often are so. Sir John Gorst, however, in the letter which the Duke of Devonshire read to the House of Lords, disclaimed any official character for his statement. It expressed his own personal opinion, founded upon his own personal observation. We agree with Lord Kimberley that this will not do. Sir John spoke as the representative of the Education Department, in charge of the estimates for the year, and so long as he remains in office his opinions are the opinions of the Government as a whole. Lord Londonderry thinks it is "time that those who are subordinate should understand their position." We should rather call Sir John Gorst insubordinate, and he has found that insubordination pays. When Lord Londonderry was Viceroy of Ireland he was technically subordinate to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. But he would not have liked to be told that he was the "mere mouthpiece" of Mr. Henry Matthews. The sting of Sir John Gorst's remarks is their truth. The Archbishop of Canterbury is simple enough to quote the opinion of a "Diocesan Inspector" to the contrary. If a Wesleyan Inspector of Wesleyan schools were to pronounce that they gave a sounder religious training than the schools of the Church, the Archbishop would hardly consider his authority impartial or conclusive. What Sir John Gorst has done, and what he knew very well that he was doing, is to destroy the whole case for the Education Act of 1897. That Act took money from the people of England and handed it over to the managers of sectarian schools. The vast majority of these schools are controlled by the clergy of the Established Church, and it was represented that but for them the children would receive no religious instruction worthy of the name. The assertion was, of course, strenuously denied by the Liberal Press and by the Liberal party in the House of Commons. But that is a very different thing from the formal acknowledgment of the Tory Vice-President. The practical result of Sir John Gorst's admission will be a strong and steady demand that Board schools shall be treated on an equality with Church schools, and shall receive something in the nature of an equivalent grant.

Lord Londonderry congratulated the Duke of Devonshire upon his "loyal and chivalrous feeling." The legend that the Duke of Devonshire is chivalrous has survived so much that it may almost be considered immortal. But we can derive no proof of it from his speech to the House of Lords. We should rather call that speech a paltering and shambling effort to please the Bishops and throw Sir John Gorst over without breaking up the Government or causing an open scandal. We have already dealt with the point that Sir John's statements were not official. They were and must be so. Even in the House of Lords the denial of this obvious fact was received with "ironical cheers and laughter." The Duke says, and it is true enough, that the Vice-President has not expressed himself as in principle opposed to voluntary schools. Mr. Acland never so expressed himself, nor did Sir William Harcourt nor Mr. Asquith, who moved the rejection of Mr. Balfour's measure last year. They pointed out with perfect truth that the term "voluntary school" is a misnomer, because the attendance upon Church schools in the country is compulsory for Nonconformists, and because they are almost entirely supported out of public money. But no one proposes to abolish sectarian schools. All for which Liberals contend is that they should have a fair field and no favour. The present Government have shown them singular favour, and shown it them, as all the world is now aware, on false pretences. The Duke of Devonshire had also to deal with the statement that the squire and the parson were no friends of education. This was not an original remark of Sir John's, but a quotation from the report of a Government inspector. The Duke snubs the inspector and the Vice-President at the same time. We are not ourselves disposed to deny that the assertion is too sweeping. Some of the clergy have been really zealous for the spread of education, though not more zealous than Nonconformist ministers. The Tory squires have, for the most part, opposed it tooth and nail. But the question is what the Government are doing now, and not what private individuals may or may not have done in the past. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, except Sir John Gorst, have put ecclesiastical prejudices a good first, and national education a bad second. The Bill of 1896, which failed, and the Bill of 1897, which passed, were alike framed with the object of depressing Board schools in the interest of their denominational rivals. Sir John Gorst is not an ideal nor yet a "chivalrous" colleague. But he is now being baited for telling the truth, and Liberals ought to back him up.

INSURANCE.

THE seventeenth annual report of the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Limited, will no doubt be read with particular interest at the present time, when leading life companies are entering into combinations, accident offices bristling with activity, and new companies springing into existence day by day to compete with the Corporation in the line of business which it has made pre-eminently its own. So far as the mere question of getting business is concerned, it is certainly not likely that the Employers' Liability Corporation will suffer any loss of vitality by the inroad of new and unsubstantial companies into its domain, unless indeed the new Workmen's Compensation Act is to deprive the employers whose responsibilities it manifolds of all judgment and common-sense. On the other hand, however, it is obvious that the Corporation will find many powerful rivals among the leading accident companies, whose popularity has increased immensely in recent years; and, further, though we shall expect to see a sound and ably-managed concern like the Employers' Liability entrusted with a large share of the insurances about to be placed, it seems only natural that the largest policies of all—those covering the heavy risk of catastrophes in mines, collieries, and quarries—will go to the companies which, other things being equal, can bring the best recommendation in the shape of capital, as, for instance, will be the case with the four strong life companies whose combination for the special purposes of this section of the business has already been brought to notice.

The report of the Corporation now before us must be very gratifying to the shareholders, as evincing continued steady progress and a firm establishment in the confidence of the public. It is also interesting generally as demonstrating that employers' liability business properly conducted can be made to realise an adequate profit—at least, under conditions such as existed *before* the entry of the new Act. The premiums of the year were £320,386 as against £314,173 in the previous year, an increase of £6,213; and though the revenue account is charged with the heavy item of £275,951 for commissions and losses (paid and outstanding), the balance of the year's account was £10,709 in excess of that in 1896, permitting of a 10 per cent. dividend being allotted to the shareholders and a substantial addition of £184,641 being made to the funds, which now reach a total of £359,641. It

should be explained that the nominal capital of the Employers' Liability Corporation is £750,000, represented by 75,000 shares of £10 each. Of this, however, £2 per share only, or £150,000, has been called up, and to this sum a special reserve of £25,000 (being premium on new issue of shares) has to be added, which, with the balance of £184,641, brings the total funds in hand to the amount stated, £359,641.

The Employers' Liability Corporation has in Lord Claud Hamilton an estimable chairman and a succinct speaker, and this gentleman's remarks in submitting the report at the annual meeting contained some highly interesting references to the Workmen's Compensation Act and its probable effects upon insurance companies in general and the Employers' Liability Corporation in particular. According to the chairman's statement, the directors of his company have been for some years preparing for an inevitable change in the existing law, and since the passing of the new Act in Parliament have redoubled their efforts so as to be able to take advantage of its operation the moment it came into force. In this connection the formation of the Tariff Association, by which the majority of accident companies of standing have agreed to certain fixed rates, was specially alluded to, and Lord C. Hamilton laid some stress on the question of the rates fixed by the tariff offices, describing those rates as reasonable and equitable and based on actual experience, closely considered in the light of the new conditions about to arise. On the subject of rates it was perhaps natural that the chairman of the Employers' Liability Corporation should have something to say by way of retort courteous to that remarkable *ipse dixit* of Mr. Chamberlain's, which has given rise to so much comment in insurance circles. The Colonial Secretary, it may be remembered, asserted with some vehemence that the rates suggested by the large accident companies were simply ridiculous. He pronounced them to be far too high, and declared that very much lower rates would be quite sufficient to protect all companies in dealing with the operations of the new Act. Such a sweeping repudiation of the results of well-considered expert calculations naturally roused no little resentment among those in the insurance world chiefly interested, and Lord C. Hamilton, speaking as the mouthpiece of an important representative company, very properly joined in the chorus of dissent which these arbitrary statements have brought forth. He pointed out, dispassionately enough, that the Board of the Employers' Liability Corporation comprises gentlemen connected with all classes of labour throughout the country, who are fully cognisant of the operations and dangers connected with the work in which their different classes of workmen are employed, and who have brought their experience over a series of years to bear upon the equitable adjustment of employers' liability rates. He reminded the meeting that the Employers' Liability Corporation had, moreover, been connected perhaps more than any other company during the past fourteen years with "joint business," where an employer and workman combine to insure the workman against every possible accident happening in the course of his employment. The rates decided upon and agreed to, he held, were based upon that fourteen years' special experience, and it was noteworthy that the most important part of that "joint business" had been in the Birmingham and Midland districts. It was absurd that a company of experience should be so unwise as to make business prohibitive by quoting higher rates than were necessary, and the "eminent gentleman" holding such antagonistic views seemed to him to lack knowledge of the question with which he was dealing. Finally, declared the chairman, "if experience proves in the future that our rates are too high, they will, no doubt, have to be lowered; but my opinion is that experience will prove the contrary—that the risks under this Act will be heavier than has yet been estimated by anyone, and that in fixing these rates we are only doing what prudent people, after an experience of many years in a particular line of business, can be expected to do." These contentions seem to us both temperate and reasonable, and, we believe, they are in agreement with the views generally held by those who have an inner knowledge of employers' liability assurance.

FINANCE.

IN Paris the belief is growing rapidly that peace between the United States and Spain will be concluded very soon, and that then the great French banks interested in Spanish enterprises will find a loan which will enable Spain to put her finances in order. Consequently there has been a sharp rise in Spanish 4 per cents. this week. It is difficult to enter into the frame of mind of those speculators who are thus wildly running up Spanish securities. Even if peace is concluded it seems incredible that the French public can be induced to make a loan to the Spanish Government. In the first place, it is possible that the United States may insist upon an indemnity from Spain. It will be recollected that though Turkey was bankrupt at the time, the Russian Government insisted, at the conclusion of the last war, upon Turkey paying an indemnity. Therefore, it is at least possible that the United States may likewise insist upon an indemnity from Spain. But whether it does or not, Spain, to speak perfectly plainly, is also bankrupt. It cannot borrow anywhere, and it has paid its way for a long time past only by issuing notes on the Bank of Spain. Practically those notes are inconvertible, for the Bank will not pay out gold and the Cortes has passed a law prohibiting the export of silver. It seems certain, then, that some kind of a compromise must be arrived at with the creditors of Spain, even if peace is soon concluded and the United States does not insist upon an indemnity. If the war is quickly ended, and an indemnity is exacted, it is difficult to see how Spain can pay anything for years to come to its creditors. Over and above all that, there is the danger of revolution at home. The Carlists are strong in the north, the Republicans are strong in the south. In the centre there is a lukewarm feeling, and practically the Government rests upon the army. If the army becomes disaffected owing to the terms of peace, is it at all probable that Spain can keep faith with her creditors? However, the Paris Bourse is putting up the bonds; but it is to be hoped that the British public will leave the Paris speculators to the dangerous game which they are playing. On the other hand, there has also been some recovery in Chilian bonds. Last week a run took place upon the Bank of Chili. To save the institution, the Government ordered all the banks to be closed from Thursday till Tuesday last; in the meantime it issued an ordinance declaring a moratorium for a month. The Bank of Chili apparently *was* believed to have engaged in bad business and to have locked up a good deal of its capital. But the main cause of the run was a report that the Government was about to suspend specie payments, and to make paper notes legal tender. The Government has strongly denied the correctness of the report. But there is no doubt that the Government is in great financial difficulties. Three years ago it entered upon a reform of its currency, adopting gold as the standard of value, and fixing the value of the dollar at 1s. 6d. of our money. Possibly it might have succeeded if it had economised in every direction. But it had a dispute at the time with Argentina respecting the boundary line between the two Republics. On good authority it is estimated that the extraordinary naval and military preparations on account of this dispute for

about two years have amounted annually to a million sterling. The drain has been more than Chili could bear, and hence the crisis. Owing to the danger of war with Argentina, the great bankers in London who formerly took care of the finances of the country refuse to lend to Chili. About a month ago the Chilian Government, in desperation, applied to another firm of by no means equal standing, and an attempt was made to dispose of half a million of Treasury bills. They had to be hawked about the City and were finally disposed of at a discount of about 6 per cent. It was this affair which immediately gave rise to the rumour that the Government would have to suspend specie payment, and so led to the run upon the Bank. This week it is believed that both the Chilian and the Argentine Governments have been convinced by recent events that it is urgently necessary to come to an arrangement, and therefore it is expected that the treaty entered into more than a year ago submitting the boundary question to the arbitration of the Queen will be acted upon with very little delay. Apart from the movements in Spanish and Chilian there has been very little doing upon the Stock Exchange. The electoral campaign in the Cape Colony is being watched very carefully. The general impression is that the Rhodes party will still secure a large majority, and that Mr. Rhodes will very soon be Prime Minister once more. But until the event is certain there is not likely to be very much movement in South African securities. In any other kind of security nothing is likely to change. The war is not over. At the same time it is to be noticed money has become so unexpectedly cheap that all kinds of high-class securities have risen. The new Indian loan of £6,000,000 sterling has been a remarkable success. The application amounted to over 22¼ millions, and the prices offered ranged from £86—the minimum—to £90. The average price obtained was £88 10s. 3d.

Money continues unexpectedly cheap. There is a steady withdrawal of gold from the Bank directly for Germany; but whether it goes on to Vienna or St. Petersburg is not known. Most of the gold offering in the market is likewise bought up; but the Japanese indemnity money is weighing upon the market, and, for the time being, the Bank of England is powerless to effect a change. The Indian Council on Wednesday offered for tender 30 lacs, and the applications amounted to over 4¾ crores, and sold the whole amount at 1s. 3 7/16d. and over for bills, and 1s. 3 13/16d. and over for telegraphic transfers. Afterwards nearly 5 lacs were sold by special contract.

The business of Thomas and John Brocklebank, of Liverpool, shipowners and merchants, has been registered as a limited liability company with a capital of £250,000. But this has been done only for family reasons, and no shares are offered to the public.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—Yesterday's decision at the Clerkenwell Sessions is not likely to make for peace in the Church of England, unless, indeed, Mr. Kensit should rest satisfied with his victory, and confine his agitation against Ritualistic excesses to more legitimate methods than that of brawling in church. The amount of sympathy that he has evoked ought to lead him to moderate his operations. Nothing can be more distasteful than the disturbance of religious services, and though one admits the provocation which is offered by the services in some churches, there are clearly better modes of dealing with the evil than by rioting in church.

The vacancy for Reading is likely to lead to an important contest. Reading is a constituency which has changed sides more than once, and its verdict at the present moment will be regarded as having a special significance. If Mr. George Palmer should become the Liberal candidate there can be very little doubt as to the result.

Mr. Chamberlain, it is said, still clings to his idea of old age pensions, despite the adverse report of the Royal Commission. Old age pensions are, of course, attainable—at a price. But the price will have to be faced if the pension scheme is to become a reality; and in the meantime nothing can be worse than to treat this question as a mere cry for the benefit of a particular party. I see that *Truth* this week intimates that there are certain Liberals who are desirous of responding to Mr. Chamberlain's signals—I cannot go so far as to call them overtures. The Secretary for the Colonies is supposed to be very uncomfortable in his present position, and according to *Truth* there are Radicals who would welcome him back to his old fold. I should like to know the names of these gentlemen. One cannot meet with any men holding this opinion in the recognised haunts of Liberalism. I believe that Mr. Chamberlain himself is rather fond of allowing his Tory allies to understand that the Liberal party is only waiting till he names the happy day in order to receive him with open arms on his return to the fold. A more ludicrous perversion of the truth could hardly be imagined. The attempt to bring Mr. Chamberlain back to the Liberal party would be the signal for a schism the like of which has never yet been seen in English politics.

Monday.—Lord Rosebery's happy little speech about Burke on Saturday was specially noteworthy because it actually contained something that was new about its illustrious subject. It is so seldom that any speaker nowadays tells us anything regarding the heroes of the past that we have not heard before, that one must feel grateful to Lord Rosebery for having proved an exception to the rule. The *Globe* on Saturday, I observe, had one of the usual paragraphs referring to some mysterious "movement" which is to take shape in the autumn for the purpose of recalling Lord Rosebery to the leadership of the Liberal party. The curious fact is that one generally reads these paragraphs in journals which are not friendly to the Liberals or to Lord Rosebery. The many friends of the latter in the Liberal party are certainly not engaged in any conspiracy, such as some persons imagine exists, on his behalf; and if they were thus engaged there is no man who would more vigorously repudiate their action than Lord Rosebery himself. So far as I am aware, the only cabals that have existed in the Liberal party recently have had precisely the opposite object in view to that which is stated by the *Globe*.

Tuesday.—No better proof of the general uneasiness prevailing among politicians could be found than the fact that Lord Salisbury's visit to the Queen yesterday at once gave rise to surmises as to the state of things in the Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain, who is, as I have already said, credited with a desire to create among his colleagues the impression that there is a large party of Liberals eagerly awaiting his return to his old party, is now supposed to be making use of the Old Age Pensions question in order to force the situation. If it were the case of any man but Mr. Chamberlain the story would not meet with a moment's credence. One must admit, however, that it is not impossible that Mr. Chamberlain might conceive the plan of making a new position for himself by boldly deserting this waterlogged Administration, and raising once more the cry which he employed with so much effect at the last General Election. That it was a dishonest cry then, and would be a dishonest cry now, is not a matter that will trouble him. That which is much more likely to cause him to refrain from the action attributed to him by gossip, is that it would not be likely to be a success. In 1885 he launched his old "Radical" and Socialist programme in the belief that he would be able to dish Mr. Gladstone. The result of that manœuvre was not

satisfactory to the valiant politician. He would carry no Conservatives with him now if he were to desert Lord Salisbury on this question of old age pensions, and he would gain very little support from the Liberals. The *Daily Chronicle*, indeed, chides the Liberals bitterly for their coldness upon this question, and loudly proclaims the virtue of Mr. Chamberlain in making it his own. It is creditable to the *Chronicle* that it should lose no opportunity of impressing the importance of social reforms upon Liberals. But a system of universal pensions for working-men is not a matter to be lightly taken up by any political party; and nothing is more certain than that the politician who uses such a scheme as a battle horse in a General Election, and tries to win votes by making promises which he will never be in a position to fulfil, is not so much a philanthropist as a quack.

The retirement of Lord Arthur Hill has caused general surprise, and whilst it is true that no political significance can be attached to it, the fact remains that people insist that his sudden withdrawal from Parliament is not unconnected with a disappointment he experienced not long ago, when an office for which he was eminently suited was given by Mr. Chamberlain to a *protégé* of his own.

Wednesday.—Very deep regret will be felt at the news that Mr. Arthur Acland has found it necessary to place his resignation in the hands of his Committee at Rotherham. Ever since the present Parliament was elected Mr. Acland has been suffering from severe illness, and has been quite unfit to take part in public affairs. Happily there is no reason to suppose that he will not in time recover from his indisposition; but he thinks, and probably rightly, that his recovery will be promoted rather than retarded if he enjoys for a time complete freedom from all responsibility. There was no abler administrator, and certainly no more devoted public servant in the last Government than Mr. Acland, and his definite retirement into private life would be a great public loss. If he should persist in his resignation the election at Rotherham will afford an opportunity of securing the services of someone who would be intellectually equal to the task of filling his place. Mr. Acland's successor ought not to be a candidate of the ordinary type. There is a confident belief, speaking of elections, that Mr. Palmer will secure the seat for Reading. The Gravesend election is another matter, and though Mr. Runciman is making a good fight, it is felt that the odds are against him.

Sir John Gorst had another "crowded hour of glorious life" last night when the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Londonderry devoted themselves to the task of crushing him. The Duke of Devonshire did not throw him over, though even he had something to say in disparagement of Sir John's utterances. As for Sir John Gorst himself, he cheerfully assured anxious inquirers that he had not the smallest intention of resigning in order to please the Archbishop of Canterbury. The situation is positively worthy of comic opera.

The "Imperial penny post" has been brought a step nearer to realisation, and accordingly we are a step nearer to the final union of the English-speaking and English-writing peoples of the world. Let us give credit where it is due. Undoubtedly Mr. Henniker Heaton has been the most ardent apostle of this movement among our public men, and he is to be congratulated upon the measure of success which it has now attained.

Thursday.—Gravesend was a foregone conclusion, and there is little reason indeed for the exultation of the *Standard*, unless, indeed, it has come to regard a Conservative victory anywhere as something that is surprising. Mr. Runciman reduced the Tory majority to less than one-half of the figure at which it stood in 1895. More than this was not expected of him. As for Reading, the contest there is being opened under the most hopeful auspices, whilst Launceston ought to give the Cornish electors another chance of proving their sturdy devotion to the principles of Liberalism.

There was a sudden storm in the House yesterday which disturbed the equanimity of more than one section of the members. It all arose over the Irish Local Government Bill, and it was begun by the Welsh Radicals headed by Mr. Lloyd George. I do not think the "revolting Radicals" who hindered the passage of the Irish Bill for some hours, and stirred the Brothers Balfour to such bitter wrath, had a particularly good case. But I imagine their revolt was due to their impatience at the inaction of the leaders of the Opposition, even more than to their dislike of the Tory financial schemes. It is impossible to move anywhere among Liberal politicians without having to listen to bitter grumbling at the manner in which the Opposition is being led at present—if, indeed, it can be said to be led at all. Mr. Lloyd George and his friends are reckless fighters, and they are filled with disgust at the fact that under the present *régime* they do not seem to be allowed to fight at all.

Friday.—Great joy in the Conservative camp to-day, because Mr. Doughty, the Radical member for Grimsby, has turned away from Home Rule. One must not begrudge the disaffected followers of a discredited Administration their joy over one repentant sinner. One need not even dwell upon the obvious fact that Mr. Doughty himself is a gentleman of no importance, who has simply followed the example of the illustrious Mr. Heneage, formerly of Grimsby, and now of the House of Lords. Mr. Doughty's letter is, however, a sign of the times. It testifies to the prevailing unrest in both political parties. That unrest will continue until we have on both sides strong and definite leadership under men who are trusted by their respective parties. Silly people talk about some mysterious cabal which is at work for the purpose of dividing the Liberal party and procuring a change of leadership. There is no cabal, and there is no need for one. Nor would a cabal be able to do what the current of public opinion is obviously doing at this moment—that is, forcing the Liberal party into a position in which it will have to decide by whom it shall be led and what policy it shall support.

EDMUND BURKE AT BEACONSFIELD.

IT would be late in the day to speak of Lord Rosebery's singular gift, whether we call it eloquence, sympathy, or insight, which is manifest whenever he is dealing with subjects larger, as we may dare to say, than politics or political leaders. It is never easy to address an audience in words that deserve to be written down. Spoken literature is a rare art, and not perhaps appreciated in England as much as it deserves, while in France it is commonly too academic to be quite popular. But in the theme which inspired him at Beaconsfield, Lord Rosebery had a great and well-chosen figure on which to expend his powers. "Edmund Burke at Home" is the standing refutation of Goldsmith's keen, plausible, but unfair epigram, that he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind." When Burke proposed to "cast a little root" into English soil, to live the life of a gentleman-farmer, and to be, in the intervals of mightier undertakings, Cincinnatus at the plough, he gave evidence, not only of his natural feeling for the simple and wholesome joys of the country as they could be tasted a hundred and thirty years ago, but also of his kinship with the old traditions of the nation that adopted him. For it has always been English, as it was Roman in the best days of the Republic, to live close to the fields and, as it were, in the furrows, among the sights and scents of spring and autumn, away from the smoke, the noise, the insane movements of the city. To be such a healthy rustic, while continuing to be a statesman, was Burke's ambition; and, if he conceived of

it a little too loftily, this we shall not disparage as acting or pretence, but look upon as a matter of style. The man himself was built in large proportions; he saw every-day things from the angle of a theory—using the word as it ought to be used, for vision and not for dreams—but a theory that took in wide relations, made his very farming Arcadian, touched it with grandeur, and led him up to heights of political, social, and humane economy.

Burke, it must always be remembered, had nothing of the merchant in him. Though a disciple of Adam Smith, he came long before the Manchester School. He was an Irishman, and had never dwelt in the gloom of manufactures. Significant it is that in his parody of Bolingbroke—which was not all a parody—his words take on a strange vehemence, nay, they are dipped in bitterness, when he describes the condition of those serfs—the slaves of the mine and the machine, who were then beginning to increase and multiply, but for whose welfare the State made so scanty a provision. He could have quoted Cicero with approval in denunciation of the vices and the vulgarity that cling to trade; nor is it quite impossible that his attitude towards the great East India Company was, in some measure, due to the instinct that sets the producer against the middleman and the farmer at odds with the merchant. He belonged by native feeling to the physiocrats; he was a believer in Quesnay, not from sordid motives, which, it is pretty evident, never did touch him, but by virtue of the sentiment that sees in a field of ripening corn something more sacred than can ever attach to a piece of manufactured cloth. In all these things Burke was old world, primitive, perhaps a little superstitious. He would certainly not have admired our leagues of advertisements and square miles of shoddy. The English people whom he praised were a nation browsing tranquilly under their immemorial oaks, somewhat slow, full of good sense and good-nature, governed by precedent, but willing to remedy injustice if it was proved to be such. A curious sturdy kind of Whig, not altogether unlike John Hampden, or undignified in the company of Lord Falkland; the very man to pay his taxes, but to resist the Crown itself when it levied twenty shillings against the letter and spirit of the law. And therefore he stood with the farmers of New England, whose Revolution was so ridiculously wanting in general principles, however much the Jeffersons and other philosophical heads endeavoured by-and-by to supply them. Neither Burke nor the Americans minded these "Rights of Man." They defended their own rights, as he defended the rights of Hindoos and Moslems, on legal and historical grounds. In other words, he and they went down to the soil and the roots of a nation's life, which is not in paper constitutions, but thrives by hard labour, is entitled to its due reward, and springs up out of the ground on which it is fed and nourished.

This old rustic ideal, of which Aristophanes has drawn a comic but a charming picture in several of his plays, exhibits a contrast, violent yet mostly unavailing, to the civic, the urban democracy, that now seems likely to break or subdue it. Herein, perhaps, is one reason, besides the lapse of time, why Burke has not become a popular name. He is known to students, idolised by Conservatives that do not utterly disregard progress and by Liberals whose motto is "Hasten slowly"; but to the millions of electors he signifies how little! They do not read him, in spite of his adhesion to Free Trade and his American speeches; but they have heard that he anathematised the French Revolution and withstood Parliamentary Reform. What do these crimes amount to when we sum them up? Surely, Burke is the rustic philosopher that cannot put his faith in Demos, or give ear to his sycophants, the man from the country that fears and dislikes the town. Urban democracy, when it has arrived at its present stage, tends more and more in all things to affirm "one man one vote"; it sees the man, but it cannot see or realise the property which, twenty miles out of town, is so conspicuous and unmistakable. A duke in Piccadilly passes like his neighbour, and no one turns round; in the country a duke is a god, one of the *dii minorum gentium*, at the very least. Burke was no flunkey, but he reverenced dukes as embodying history and holding the land. He desired their order to be perpetual; but these new Birminghams, Sheffields, and the rest—what were they? The smoke which went up from them offended his nostrils. Let them be content with a "virtual representation," and give up their empty notions of reform. They would not suffer by it. *Noblesse oblige;* the dukes would govern them benevolently.

Here, we cannot but allow, Burke's astonishing power of seeing things as they are did not come to his relief. The world was changing. Since his day it has changed enormously, and in this direction. The world-cities are the world-problem. For they drain the country, and they do not strengthen the race. He was assured by right in holding that the wealthiest, happiest, and most virtuous people, are a people settled on their own land, in contact with the soil, breathing the air of the open fields. He delighted in the free and hearty neighbourliness that comes of sharing among gentle and simple labours which are always manly and justified in themselves. But neither he, nor any one of his time, perceived the new strange powers, alien to the soil, yet destined to rule over it, that were emerging from the unseen. Burke did not prophesy of the modern city. What would he have thought could he have beheld in his dreams the millions crowded into a narrow space, the infinite rows of tenements, the multitude of men and women, strangers living side by side, without order, acquaintance, combination, or comfort? And how would he have resolved their problem? To agriculture he offered as a method-science, and as a just necessity, Free Trade. To the average Englishman he was himself an example of all the ancient virtues, including a boundless hospitality and a kindness that no embarrassments could exhaust. In his married life he was happy, until the day when he lost his son, with a happiness that it is given to very few men to taste in such a high degree. But the England in which he would have taken root is very much a thing of the past. The town has swallowed up the country; are there any rustics left of the old yeoman kind in these days of newspapers, railways, stocks and shares, gigantic speculations, and universal gambling? It was time to put up in Beaconsfield Church a memorial of the last Cincinnatus. We shall go to Edmund Burke for inspiration, deliverance from the commonplace, and the "spirit of law," which is just as much needed in a democracy as in a "Venetian oligarchy." And we shall always find the picture of his life down in Buckinghamshire an exquisite idyll, with its tragic close—the dead son, the refugees crowding over from France, the stricken old man taking them to his hearth and home. But we must not look to him for any Platonic vision of a great city, founded on justice yet carried on by machinery, and asking to live a humane life, which is not the city of the present, but must surely one day become a fact, unless civilisation is doomed to sink beneath its own weight and to perish in a chaos of proletarians.

THE LOSS OF THE *BOURGOGNE*.

PUBLIC opinion will not be satisfied without a very thorough inquiry into the circumstances of the terrible disaster which befell the unfortunate French liner *La Bourgogne* last week. But the main facts are, unhappily, only too clear. At five o'clock in the morning of the 4th inst., the great Transatlantic steamer from New York, a large vessel of nearly 8,000 tons, came into collision, in a dense fog off the

coast of Nova Scotia, with a British barque of some 1,500 tons, chartered for Philadelphia with a cargo of chalk. Within a few minutes the great liner sank, carrying with her to the bottom nearly all her officers and the vast majority of her passengers. Out of 700 souls on board only about 200 escaped with their lives. The barque, though terribly battered and damaged, continued to float and rescued the survivors, and was finally towed into Halifax by a steamer of the Allan line. The captain and all the superior officers of the *Bourgogne* went down with the vessel, and their loss, combined with the loss of the ship, and with the darkness and suddenness of the catastrophe, renders explanation very difficult. Even now some eye-witnesses are inclined to think that there was a third vessel concerned in the collision, which has disappeared. But the facts that the British ship was a sailing ship, that the French liner was sixty miles north of her proper course, and that, if any account can be trusted, the steamer was going at a great pace, it is said at full speed, through the fog, all tend to throw the weight of responsibility on to those who perished, and in any case it seems little short of a miracle that the barque, the *Cromartyshire*, should have escaped. This French line already bears a bad reputation for mishaps; and if it be true, as it appears to be, that its vessels, being slower than the competing liners, have instructions to run risks, in order to shorten the passage, which faster vessels would not run, the more widely the fact is known, the better it will be for the public, but the more serious will be the responsibility of the Company for the overwhelming calamity that has occurred.

The sadness of this great disaster lies not only in the enormous loss of life—a loss which no maritime disaster of late years can parallel—but in the fact that there are so few gleams of comfort, so few tales of heroic conduct in the records that we have. The captain, indeed, died like a gallant officer, giving his orders, according to one account, coolly to the last. The second officer himself cut loose the boats, and to the last seems to have done all that a brave man could do to save the lives of others, while he sacrificed his own. Three Roman priests on board went round among the passengers, giving absolution to the dying as the ship went down. But it is impossible to doubt that of discipline there was very little, and that the panic which seized the passengers spread widely through the crew. The isolated stories of survivors sent in to us by newspaper correspondents, no doubt require to be discounted. It is most difficult for any man in the dark and tumult, with a panic-stricken, struggling crowd around him, to view things calmly, or to gain any but a very partial and confused impression of the scene. It is stated in Paris that, at the preliminary inquiry made by the French Consul-General in New York, no complaint concerning the conduct of any French sailor has been received. One American lady who was on board, the only woman saved, maintains that the crew behaved well, and did all that could be done. But, on the other hand, the evidence is strong and painful, and it seems impossible to suppose that panic or imagination can account for all the ugly stories told. One passenger, a Frenchman, gives a detailed account of brutal conduct on the part of some French sailors, which it is difficult to credit, but still more difficult to reject. He says that he saw these sailors deliberately cut the lifeline of a boat to which five women were clinging in exhaustion. Another passenger, an Irishman, narrates the murder by a French sailor of an unfortunate fugitive who was vainly trying to climb upon a raft. Another, apparently an American, tells an even worse story of a party of sailors in the boat into which he and his mother struggled, who held him tightly, while they threw his mother into the sea before his eyes, and then pitched him, too, into the water, and beat him off with blows from their oars. And these terrible stories do not stand alone. No doubt, in the press and panic of the moment, many blows were given blindly, and the tales of women trampled underfoot, of knives drawn, and of fugitives pushed down into the water, reflect upon the passengers even more than on the crew. But, in view of the testimony forthcoming, it is difficult not to believe that, in the appalling situation which they had to face, the crew, or at least a part of them, completely lost their self-control, and that the disappearance of discipline and order among those responsible for the safety of the ship added incalculably to the horrors of a disaster which, happily, has few examples even in the sorrow-laden records of the sea.

Courage, it is true, is a virtue less common than many men suppose, and active, energetic courage, combined with promptness and capacity, which enables a man to act decisively at the decisive time, is one of the rarest gifts which mortals can desire. But the stubborn, passive courage which faces danger quietly, and takes what comes without dismay, is a less rare heroic quality, and we like to think that the want of it is not often to be witnessed in numbers of the Anglo-Saxon race. No doubt, to nervous and imaginative races danger appeals more vividly than to men of a more stolid and lethargic type. The Italian and the Frenchman probably suffers more, and feels the need of doing something, however desperate, more acutely, in the face of peril than the Briton or the German or the Chinaman can do. But yet the want of courage in extremity remains the gravest crime, and to allow even the suspicion of it to pass without exposure would be the most fatal error that any nation could commit. For that reason we hope that no false pride and no official optimism will prevent an impartial and vigorous inquiry into the loss of the *Bourgogne*. It would be an evil day for French character and for French commerce were stories of this sort to pass unsifted, or were any testimony which could help to elucidate the facts suppressed. Fortunately with these disagreeable stories there are mingled incidents of a more picturesque and happier kind. The story of Professor Lacasse, who, thrown with his wife into the water, found a partly-submerged raft, and lifted his unconscious wife on to it, and clung to it himself for hours until they both were rescued, is a fine story of endurance illuminated by common-sense. The story told by Mrs. Henderson, the wife of the captain of the *Cromartyshire*, of the sudden appearance of the great steamer looming close upon them in the fog, of the deafening crash which followed, of the wreck and ruin and uncertainty of the next few minutes, when all hands on board the barque expected that she would founder too, and of the prompt measures taken by Mrs. Henderson to save her children and to prepare them for the worst, is full of a pathetic interest. So, too, is the story of the American passenger who saved his twenty thousand dollars from the sea which engulfed his children and his wife. So, too, in many another little record which the industry of inquirers has brought to light. We have yet to learn more of the loss of the *Bourgogne*, and of the most serious aspects of a calamity which is not less widespread, and in many ways more grievous, than many of the signal calamities of war. But we know enough already to complete a melancholy picture, and to call forth the widest sympathy from all who know or can imagine the perils of the sea.

PHILOSOPHY IN SURREY.

HERE, in Surrey, where I am writing by the ineffectual fire of one candle, it is difficult for the wandering cyclist to find a lodging. The humblest cottages seem to swarm with men in knickerbockers who engaged the rooms weeks ago. At one

excellent inn I was put up for a night, and turned adrift next morning because a whole family was coming from town by an early train. Two huge vans from a furniture "repository" stopped at the door, and I expected to see cyclists emerge from them, like the Greeks from the Trojan horse. A few straggling houses round about were visited in turn, but everywhere I heard the same tale of strangers with bicycles who had just come, or were supposed to be whizzing at that moment along the London road. If the mother of Sisera were living now, I believe she would sit at a window and cry "Why tarrieth the wheel of his Humber?" In desperation I betook me to the "Purple Cow," a roadside public-house of the humblest pretensions. I remembered a wet day when I had taken refuge there, and the landlord had given me his card, and hoped to see me again. I greeted him with a smile of recognition. Did he not remember me? Well, he couldn't say; there were so many cyclists going in and out. Had he a room? He smiled at the idea. Why, every room in the place was bespoken right away to September. I dropped feebly into a chair, and said I would take a little refreshment. That ought to have touched a landlord's heart; but he turned and left me in the parlour, and when I protested against this neglect ten minutes later, he said that people who wanted liquor should give it a name promptly. This, I explained, was not my way. I liked to hover, so to speak, round various beverages before making my choice, to discuss their respective excellences, and when I took one to make it clear that there was no disparagement of the others. "Look here," said the landlord, taking me by the arm and leading me to the door, "you see what's written up there: 'Licensed to sell wines, beer, spirits and tobacco,' ain't it? But it don't say nothing about moonshine, do it?" I admitted that this luxury was not amongst the exciseable articles specified above the doorway. "All right," said he; "then don't you come jabbering about it here!" Alack! there was neither philosophy nor a lodging at the "Purple Cow."

At last I found asylum in a farmhouse, where I should probably have received the usual assurance that cyclists were swooping down on that dwelling, if the family had not been absorbed in hay-making. I slipped in almost unawares, and was comfortably employed on my first meal before they had fully discovered me. There appeared to be no other cyclist on the premises, so I launched into the topic of wheeling, told anecdotes of my longest ride (which in the course of frequent narration has reached the importance of Turpin's ride to York), and suddenly noticed a twinkle in the eyes of the eldest daughter. "Do you carry a cyclometer?" she asked sweetly. "I always do. It prevents any mistakes about distances!" I was relieved when the head of the family took up the subject of cider. The national importance of this liquid had never struck me so forcibly before. Without it what would become of hay-making? Such is the sturdy English character that the field hand will not work unless the cider-jug is brimming. I gathered that he would rather drink cider and not work at all—a pleasant dream of indolence under a July sun. Is it not agreeably prefigured in Omar Khayyam? The haymaker might not care about the book of verses underneath the hayrick; but the jug of cider and the loaf of bread (with a slight embellishment in the shape of cheese) would attune his mind to the poesy of slumber if there were no prosaic overseer to point out that unless the hay is "got in" there will be neither cider nor hayricks. "They never know when they have drunk enough," said the eldest daughter; "but they boast about their drinking. Do you think a kind of cyclometer could be invented to show how much a man can actually drink?"

But the importance of cider is not limited to the hayfields. "In the West of England," said the farmer, "they make cider for the champagne market. People in London that think they know all about champagne don't know that they are drinking cider half the time. What do the wine merchants do? They put cider in a bottle, clap the label of a champagne brand on it, and the silly folks that think they know never find it out. Bless you, this little game with the labels is played everywhere! There's Burton ale that never was at Burton. Ha! ha!" He rested on this epigram for a while, ruminating in the placid deeps of rural pessimism. What an admirable light upon the simplicity of a country life, a simplicity which has its peculiar relation to the march of progress! Time was when, to the country mind, London was a huge vampire nourished by the hearts and souls of young men and maidens from the villages. Now it is a place where, by an adroit handling of labels, cider passes for champagne. The standard of urban wickedness has changed; it has become strictly commercial, losing not a little romance in the process. Presently the farmer came out of his reverie, and beamed on me kindly. Perhaps he thought that, as a townsman, I might take that revelation about champagne too much to heart. I needed cheering. There was a capital joke in the *Daily Telegraph* which he had been reading. It was about a costermonger and a magistrate. The costermonger said he would not charge a witness against him with lying; he would only say that witness had —dear, dear!—what did the costermonger say, now? "He said the witness had put the wrong label on the bottle," I suggested. No, that wasn't it. Well, well, I should find it in the *Daily Telegraph*, and also what the magistrate said. With this parting comfort, the farmer went back to his haymakers.

The *Daily Telegraph* is favourite reading in this part of Surrey; but I was interested to learn that the blacksmith had given up that journal and taken to the *Daily Chronicle*. "I don't like his free-thinking ways," said the farmer's wife. "Would you believe that he actually wanted to buy a piece of our land to build a smithy on, and when my husband refused, he said that when all men were equal people who had land would be compelled to sell it!" This revolutionary sentiment prompted me to pay a visit to the blacksmith, a prosperous old gentleman, who was sitting on his well-trimmed lawn in front of a house that had no smack of Socialism. He consented to oil my bicycle, though the day's work was over, and I led the conversation to free-thinking and the *Daily Chronicle*. "Yes," he said, "I like the *Chronicle;* it has such a variety of advertisements. I've picked up some capital bits of machinery by reading them." Advertisements and machinery! And I had expected to hear about the social revolution! He kept his eye, not on the advance guard of Radicalism, but on bargains that might be useful to a blacksmith, and for this he was set down as the local free-thinker! "I used to take the *Telegraph*," he added, "but I gave it up when it got into the hands of the Jews and backed up Disraeli about the time of the Crimean War." This roused my suspicions. The blacksmith wanted to throw me off the scent. People with dark designs generally talk about the Crimean War. The Tory election agents in Surrey should keep an eye on the sparks in this blacksmith's forge!

ETHICAL ESSAYISTS.

THE dictionary definition of an "essay"—"an attempt"—was the original and modest meaning attached by the writer to this species of writing:

> Yet modestly he does his work survey,
> And calls a finished poem an essay,

writes Dryden. You have to go behind the dictionary definition to the etymological meaning, and to the ultimate derivation of the word, to reach an

apt and adequate description of the ethical essay. For "essay" is the same word originally as "assay"—the process of testing metals—and is derived ultimately from ἐξάγιον, a weighing. A testing as of metals, a weighing as of articles, a process—that is, not of creation but of criticism—fairly expresses the province and purpose of the essay. Being, therefore, reflective, critical, and, so to say, self-conscious, the essay is naturally a late product in literature, as it is also in life; for the history of the mind of the race is epitomised in the history of the mind of the individual. The infancy both of the race and of the individual is unself-conscious; the boyhood of both is given to action; the manhood to action and passion—to romance and the record of romance in poetry; only with its middle age comes the self-consciousness, the looking within and without, and before and after, of the philosopher, and of that popular philosopher the ethical essayist. The ethical essay, then, is a product of middle age, and has all the characteristics of the mental stage which produced it. It is the age and stage of disillusionment described by Waller:

> The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
> So calm are we when passions are no more;
> For then we see how vain it was to boast
> Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost.
> Clouds of affection from our youthful eyes
> Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The middle-aged ethical essayist sees all things by "dry light" which has not been softened and tinted in passing through "clouds of affection." He is disillusioned, and regards the rush and race of life, in which he ran and from which he rests, according to his temperament—with smiles or tears, scorn or derision, humorously, sadly, cynically, or sympathetically, but always philosophically. Having reached "the years that bring the philosophic mind," he sees life whole and steadily, but usually pessimistically. The keynote of almost all the greatest ethical essays of all ages and countries is the "Vanity of Vanities" of the inspired Essayist of the East—the East, which is the birth-place of all pessimism, as it is of that antidote of all pessimism—religion.

But the greatest Western ethical essayists also are pessimistic. In one of his finest essays, Leopardi puts pithily the pith of all pessimism: "The liveliest pleasures of life spring from illusion; and therefore it is that while children find everything in nothing, men find nothing in everything"—a fine epigram. Swift, again, in one of his "Tale of a Tub" essays, says: "If we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, we shall find it to be a perpetual possession of being well deceived." While Schopenhauer in one of his essays compares the successive illusions by which we are led on in life, and led on even to live, to the wisp of hay tied by the Italian donkey-driver to the end of the pole to induce the wretched beast to keep going on the longest journey and the weariest road and beneath the most crushing burden. Even so we, suggests Schopenhauer, are similarly

> Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
> Some fleeting good that mocks us with the view;
> Which, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
> Allures from far, yet, as we follow, flies.

Leopardi, Swift, and Schopenhauer, it is true, were all cruelly embittered by the ill-usage of man and of fate, and spoke of the world but as they found it and as Antonio found it—

> A stage where every man must play a part,
> And mine a sad one.

But men also who have played great parts on the stage are of the same sad mind—men born great, kings and emperors, like Solomon and Marcus Aurelius; men who have achieved all the greatness that they desired and all that the heart of man could desire, like Disraeli and Sir William Temple. For Disraeli's verdict upon life stands: "Youth's a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret"; and Sir William Temple's thus: "When all is done, human life at its greatest and best, is but like a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it fall asleep, and then the care is over." As all these writers differed so widely in character and had such widely different treatment from man and from fortune, the personal equation is eliminated, and we must set down their pessimism to what was common to them all—the time of life at which they wrote. It is, then, because it is a late product that the ethical essay is usually a cynical product—the product of the age of disillusionment, of the time when a man becomes a looker-on at the race and sees things unblinded by the dust of the course or by the glitter of the prize, and has time and thought to give to "the burden of the mystery—the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world."

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

WE are accustomed to look upon the Indian—the New World Indian, of course—as a decaying and dying race. Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks of "the provisional races" put in to keep the continent aired, as it were, till the white man should arrive. We are familiar with the tragedy and the pathos of the Mohican and the Iroquois; with the accounts of the dwindling "Indian Reserve," which the United States Government does not seem to be strong enough to keep from the spoliation of white settlers; with the chronic border warfare which "can only end in one way." But we are apt to forget that the tribes who once occupied the territory of the Great Republic are but one factor in the problem. More information is wanted about the Indians of Canada. They seem to be tolerably numerous, and they do not constitute a "question." They are loyal subjects of the Queen, and proved the same by assisting in the navigation of the Nile during the war in the Soudan—surely the strangest contact between East and West that the world has ever seen. . . . There have been two or three Oxford graduates of late years, if we remember right . . . and there is that daughter of the Mohawks who some time ago published "The White Wampum." For an "innumerous" (as Milton has it) and perishing race, these are pleasing signs of vigour.

But neither do Canada and the States, taken together, exhaust the question. The indigenous population of the great double continent—apart from the Eskimo and Fuegians in the extreme north and south—is singularly homogeneous. The Indians of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, of Chili and Patagonia, possess strong ethnical affinities. Of course, they vary considerably in type; but, so far as our information extends, no authority has yet proved the existence of two or more distinct races. But in Mexico and Central America the Indian is very far from being on the way to extinction. We cannot lay our hand on any detailed statistics at the moment, but every one knows that the bulk of the Mexican population consists of Indians and Mestizos, or Indians with a certain admixture of European blood, and that, if the pure Indians do not actually predominate (which we are inclined to think they do), the darker Mestizos, at any rate, outnumber the lighter ones. The same thing, more or less, holds good in the Central American Republics. Readers of Mr. F. W. Boyle's "Camp Notes" will recollect some striking remarks on the subject—penned probably somewhere in the Sixties. Whether the mixed population is actually dying out may be a question, and the expectation—apparently then implied—of a wholesale uprising of the Indians has not so far been verified; but the whole passage is suggestive, with its description of

the grim, deep-seated Pagan superstition underlying the veneer of Catholicism in the popular mind, and shown in the mysterious offerings made to the *Boca*, at Leon. The subjects of the Incas are by no means exterminated in Peru, nor do they appear to be a particularly degraded or manifestly decaying race. Could one hazard a prophecy, one might suggest that in them lies the hope of those unhappy commonwealths whose history ever repeats the gamut of political corruption, bankruptcy, and civil war. In Humboldt's time, the greatness of the Incas was still a living tradition; at Caxamarca he was told, in perfect good faith, of subterranean enchanted gardens, full of golden trees and other wondrous treasures, waiting for the restoration of the Incas. One of the royal house, so the legend went, had escaped beyond the mountains to the forests of the Upper Amazon, and in some unexplored recess of the wilderness the race was biding its time in obscurity. The young man who told the story to Humboldt, though working for a day-labourer's scanty wages, belonged to a family of Caciques, and an ancestor of his, not many generations back, had visited this fairyland of Eldorado. Neither he nor any of his people, while firmly believing in the existence of the treasure, would raise a finger to seek or secure it, "because," he told the great traveller simply, "the time has not yet come." There is sterling stuff in people who could exercise such self-restraint for the sake of an idea; and that it was self-restraint and not mere stolid indifference, the whole turn of the narrative shows. The Incas' treasure was as real to them as the magic hoards—so firmly believed in by the Sicilian peasantry—are to the men who waste their lives and substance in trying to discover the spell without which all searching and digging are in vain. Simple, frugal, devout, loyal-hearted, it may be that, under the fret and fume of twopenny-halfpenny revolutions and pinchbeck dictators, which is all that Europe knows of, there is growing up, unnoticed, a national character, such as shall one day make a nation.

The Indian—meaning by this the Indian of the Conquistadores, what we may call the Spanish Indian, as distinct from the Araucanian in the South and the Apache in the North—has often been compared to a beast of burden. There is something in his dogged patience and stolid endurance that suggests the comparison; but there is something more in him than it will illustrate. After all, the most capable ruler Mexico has ever had since the Independence was a full-blooded Indian—Benito Juarez. His life gives matter for reflection. This man's characteristics were that same patience and what someone has called a "wooden" fortitude that, in him, reached a kind of sublimity. His courage was passive rather than active, but he came out victorious in the end by sheer force of staying power. Porfirio Diaz, too, is a pure-bred Indian. We read in the unimpassioned pages of Whitaker: "General Porfirio Diaz. Acceded, 1 Dec., 1884. Re-elected, 1892. . ." And further on, "It is noteworthy that for the first time in the annals of the Republic an equilibrium is established between the Public Income and Expenditure." That is a great step for a Hispano-American State.

What is the meaning of all this? and why do the Mexican and Peruvian differ from the Apache and the Sioux? Is it race, after all? or did the training of the Incas and the Aztecs have something to do with it? And do any of our present-day Indians descend directly from the Mayas, who raised those temples in Yucatan? and, if not, who were the Mayas? and was their culture a culmination, or a starting-point which somehow led to nothing—for the time being? All this, perhaps, the Smithsonian Institution may tell us some day. In the meantime, two axioms of the schools irresistibly suggest themselves; they do not, however, apply exclusively to professors and examiners:—

"Ein Professor frägt oft mehr als fünfzig Studenten beantworten können."

"If the examiners know the answers to all the questions they set, they know a great deal more than is good for them."

A. W.

SUMMER RAIN.

THERE had been no rain for many days. The arid roads and lanes were thick with dust, and felt hot to one's feet. Plants and flowers in field and garden, and by the wayside, were drooping in the heat, because the dew was not sufficient to feed them. Blossom was withering on the trees long before its time, and swarms of crawling insects were eating up the green leaves. Ponds and brooks were almost dried up, and the parched land cracked and gaped. All Nature panted, as it were, for water, and even mankind—who are often unnatural creatures—began to feel languorous for lack of it. Day after day the sun arose and threw his scorching fire upon the earth with merciless regularity, searing and burning on every hand. Men went about their work disconsolate and oppressed, and thirsty animals wandered in dried watercourses with protruding tongues. All longed and yearned for a change.

At last the change came. One day the sun forgot to burn, and men were unconsciously glad because the cooler atmosphere held a promise of rain. The change was not sudden, nor was it accompanied by thunder and lightning, as many had expected it would be; neither did it come in violent, wind-blown, drenching storms. The refreshing drops fell slowly, with gentle but sure acceleration; yet no one betrayed any haste to gain shelter. The boys in the village street continued their game as though it were a treat to play in the rain. Women and children sat on the steps of their cottages, chatting to each other pleasantly, unmindful of wet aprons, while aged people crowded to the threshold to watch the light drops fall. Nowhere was there a sign of the discomfort and misery which frequently attends a rainy day. Just without the village a pair of lovers rambled on as leisurely as if the day had been one of the finest, much to the amusement of a group of youths who had gathered under a spreading tree by the wayside. Really, the lovers might have made a little more haste, if only for the sake of conventionality; but they were to be excused. Truly the rain had come as a great relief to men; but it was not until one passed beyond the village that one saw what a boon it was to the thirsty land. How eagerly the grateful earth drank it all in! How the drooping plants revived under its refreshing influence! Everywhere leaf and blade and blossom looked up, as it were, to welcome the nourishing drops. For a long time there was no perceptible flow of water in the dry bed of the brook, no rippling freshet in the channel by the footpath, no turbulent streamlet winding down the slope; all the rain that fell was absorbed by the parched soil, or retained on the grass and dry foliage. Nor were the thirsty plants half satisfied; indeed, it would have required a whole day and night of such rain to reach some of the famishing roots.

Buttercups held up their half-closed goblets and caught the light drops as they fell, and the briar leaned its rose-chalices to catch them. Heavier globules accumulated on the hawthorn sprays, and hung suspended in trembling rows, until they fell off one after another into the ditch; but there was dry earth under the thickest part of the hedge, for the rain had not yet penetrated that huge bank of foliage. The rain fell so gently that for a full hour after it began one might have taken shelter under a sycamore or a chestnut tree without feeling a touch of dampness, though all the while the drops were making their way downward from leaf to leaf, from branch to branch, until at the hour end they began to fall on the footpath like the first of a

thunderstorm, each heavy drop making a round, wet mark where it fell; and when they alighted upon the foliage, the leaves bent beneath their weight and sprang up again, like the keys of a musical instrument when touched by the player's finger.

And now all the sounds common to a summer day were hushed, except, perhaps, for the casual twitter of a redbreast, which bird has a heart to sing on all occasions. The buzz of flies, the hum of bees, and the song of birds had given place to a sound even more welcome and more melodious —the musical patter of summer rain after a long period of drought.

S. W.

MUSIC.

THE story of "Hero and Leander" has tempted fewer composers than that of *Romeo and Juliet* and other legends of the same character. But the lovers of the Hellespont have not been left unsung. Vocalists as well as bards have celebrated their passion and their unhappy fate; and before the subject was taken in hand by Arrigo Boito, it had already been treated operatically by Weber and by Seidl—in neither case with much success. Boito, librettist of Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*, librettist and composer of his own *Mefistofele*, has made the tale of Sestos and Abydos thoroughly his own by means of an admirable opera-book, which has already been set to music by three different masters: by Boito himself, by Bottesini, and now by Signor Mancinelli, the famous conductor of Covent Garden. Boito, who is known to be possessed with a mania for destroying his own musical offspring, made short work of the strains with which his own libretto had inspired him, saving, however, from the general massacre one beautiful duet which now figures in the last act of *Mefistofele*, where it is assigned to two personages borrowed from the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*: Pantalis and Helen of Troy. The rest of Boito's *Hero and Leander* music was torn up and burned.

Bottesini took up the libretto which M. Boito had thrown away simultaneously with the music he had composed to it, and composed to it what is said to have been a very agreeable collection of songs, duets, concerted pieces and choruses. Mancinelli, however, thought it deserved more modern treatment; and he has set to the mutilated libretto of Boito music which follows closely the meaning of the words, and which is at the same time melodious. The work was, as regards its three principal parts, most beautifully sung by Mdme. Eames, M. Saleza and M. Plançon.

We have so often been told by Germans of the inferiority of our Wagner performances compared with those presented in the land of the composer that it is gratifying to find them spoken of in terms of the highest praise by two German musicians whose authority cannot be impeached—Herr Mottl, conductor of the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Covent Garden; and Herr Weingärtner, whose reputation as an orchestral chief is on a level with that of Herr Mottl. Unwilling to say very much on the subject of representations directed by himself, Herr Mottl confines himself for the most part to the singing qualities of the principal performers and the earnest attention with which the music was listened to by a select but very numerous audience. The intelligent and sympathetic support of this audience—or, rather, of these twelve audiences, for the cycle of four works was given three times—enabled him, he says, to accomplish with ease what might otherwise have been a difficult if not an insurmountable task. Still, what chiefly struck him was that the solo parts were very beautifully sung. Herr Weingärtner, while blaming severely the "cuts" made in the *Meistersinger*, declares that he heard that work sung at Covent Garden by Jean de Reszke, Miss Eames, M. Plançon, and other non-German artists, with such beauty of expression, such perfection of style, that, without becoming reconciled to the mutilations, he almost forgot them. Never till he heard Wagner's music sung by vocalists who have made the art of singing their chief study did he understand how thoroughly singable are certain passages in his works which he had previously looked upon as merely declamatory; and he ends by declaring that, excellent as German singers are in general interpretation, he prefers performances in which, as in those at Covent Garden, the music is beautifully sung. Of these compliments to the Covent Garden singers too much ought not to be made. But they deserve acknowledgment, and they are worth recording.

One of the finest operatic artists of our time, M. Victor Maurel, occupies himself as much with the theory as with the practice of his art, and he has just been delivering at St. James's Hall a lecture, previously heard in Paris, on dramatic expression in connection with singing. In the history of the opera there has, according to the lecturer, been a constant progress from the lyrical towards the dramatic; from the merely tuneful towards melody with meaning in it. To prove his case, he selects, of course, appropriate examples; and among the Italian composers he finds the culmination of the dramatic style in Verdi's *Otello*, and especially in one of its principal pieces, the "Credo" of Iago. The progress noted by M. Maurel has been really of the spiral kind. Gluck, for example, was much more dramatic than his immediate followers; and the highly successful *Cavalleria Rusticana* is much less dramatic than the *Otello* and the *Falstaff* of Verdi—by which at no great distance it was preceded. Opera cannot become much more dramatic than it is now without losing in an appreciable degree its singable character. It was in virtue of the law of reaction that the tuneful *Cavalleria Rusticana* achieved its remarkable success; and it still finds audiences wherever performed.

The true dramatic singer is, according to M. Maurel, one who can give a special character to the music he is singing without the aid of any kind of surroundings. Such a one (as has been happily said) "acts with his voice"—a talent which M. Maurel himself possesses in an eminent degree.

M. Maurel was assisted in his lecture by two charming artists who were supposed to have quitted the concert platform with the view of entering upon the stage. Mdlles. Jeanne and Louise Douste showed, however, that in becoming vocalists they have sacrificed in no marked manner the art they so fully possess of playing the piano. They appeared, indeed—and always with the greatest success—both as pianists and as singers.

GALICIA IN REVOLT.

THE Galician peasants have been up in arms; they have formed themselves into bands, and have gone about from village to village "righting the wrong," as they say. Wherever they have gone they have spread terror; for not only were they on plundering bent—although they plunder, of course—but on wreaking their vengeance on their adversaries. They burned down houses without a scruple, set stacks and granaries on fire, and not only killed, but tortured, men and women alike. They are quite brutal in their ruthlessness, brutal as only those can be who have never a doubt in their minds but that he against whom they are fighting is the Devil. They are unreasoning, too, as surely no other men ever were; for their ignorance is unfathomable, and with them superstition is engrained. None the less—and this is a fact that renders their recent wild doings the more notable—they are by nature peace-loving,

long-suffering, and more prone to submit to fortune's buffets without a murmur than any other race in Europe. When in their right minds they have no taste whatever for violence—they look on bloodshed with horror—and, if they have just been spreading devastation around, it is because they were mad, driven mad by their sufferings, by their poverty, and by the ill-treatment meted out to them.

The poverty of the Galician peasants is appalling: the great mass of them, indeed, spend their whole lives in a ceaseless struggle to ward off starvation—a struggle in which the chances are against success. It was stated in the Reichsrath some little time ago that 50,000 persons die of hunger every year in Galicia; and one out of two of the conscripts levied there have to be refused admission to the army, so feeble are they, owing to their never having had quite enough to eat. I once met a Polish cigarette-maker in London who was earning 6d. a day, and when I condoled with him, he looked at me in astonishment. In his old home he had earned, as a rule, not much more than 6d. a week. At every turn, indeed, in Galicia one comes across peasants whose wages in winter are only 2d. or 3d. a day; even factory hands, if unskilled, are not paid more than from 6d. to 9d. Food is cheap there, of course, compared with what it is in England; still, it is not cheap enough for men to live on such wages. Nor are peasant-farmers, in that part of the world, one whit better off than datal labourers. Eighty per cent. of them, according to official statistics, clear less than £2 a year by the sale of their produce, and this is not because they eat much of it themselves. They live almost entirely on potatoes, turnips, carrots, and rye-bread, and have but scanty supplies even of these. For the most part they hardly know the taste of beef or mutton; and they think themselves quite in luck if, on high holidays, they can have pork for dinner. They live crowded together in hovels, which are little more than ruins, which come tumbling down on their heads on the smallest provocation. Clothes they have none worth mentioning, only collections of rags—one sheepskin coat serves for a whole family, as often as not, and so does one pair of shoes.

In the recent riots it was the peasant-farmers who took the lead, and that is why the movement was directed against the Jews for the time being, but only for the time being. The rioters made no secret of the fact that they hate the Polish landowners just as bitterly as they hate the Jewish money-lenders; and that, as soon as they had rid themselves of the latter, they would attack the former. In some districts, indeed, they have already attacked them, have put them to rout, and burnt down their houses. Still, hitherto they have reserved their hardest blows for Semite heads. None the less it would be a mistake to conclude that the movement is anti-Semite; among the lower classes in Galicia—among the higher it is otherwise—there is no feeling against the Jew, as a Jew, for many of them are Anabaptists, not Roman Catholics; it is as a capitalist that the feeling is against him. Nine out of ten of the peasant-farmers are in his power, bound hand and foot; they are working their holdings not for themselves but for him; they are his serfs, and he treats them as such. In an evil moment they have been tempted into borrowing the money he is always eager to lend—the land-tax must be paid come what will; or perhaps they have allowed him to chalk up a score against them, glass by glass, behind his wine-shop door. Then they are doomed; though their debt may be only a few shillings, their chance of paying it is nil, and it doubles itself once every three months at least. Then the grinding tyranny to which they must submit, unless they be prepared to yield up to their oppressor their bit of land—the one thing they care for!

Then, not only is the Jew the general mortgagee in Galicia, he is also the general factory owner, and he is quite as much hated in the second capacity as in the first. As an employer of labour he takes, it must be confessed, a somewhat primitive view of his responsibilities—he looks upon his employés as machines, and his one endeavour is to extort from them as much work as possible. The treatment he deals out to them would, in some respects, compare unfavourably with that dealt out in former days by the worst of American planters to their slaves; for whereas they, for their own sakes, strove at least to keep their chattels alive and in good health, to him it is a matter of indifference whether his live or die. And these people are so helpless—their very stupidity places them so hopelessly at his mercy. Not one in a hundred of them would have the courage to complain, even if appealed to by the Government inspector, who pays the factory a visit perhaps once in three years! The Jew, too, is the emigration agent, *par excellence*, in Galicia, a fact in itself enough to explain the present outburst of fierce wrath against him. For years, until within quite recent days, indeed, he carried on a regular traffic in these unfortunate peasants—he inveigled them away from their homes, plundered them, and practically murdered them. During the recent inquiry into the working of the Austrian Emigration Laws some startling revelations were made. It was proved that emigration agents, trading on the ignorance of the Galicians, had persuaded them to sell their scant possessions by promising to lead them to a land of perfect delight, one flowing with milk and honey; and then, after robbing them of every farthing, had, in some cases, turned them adrift to starve in foreign seaports, and in others, had sold them to Brazilian planters, practically as slaves. When the home-staying peasants heard of these things, heard how their sons and brothers had been tricked, they swore they would avenge them, and they are now keeping their word.

The animosity between the classes and the masses, between the nobles on the one side and the peasants on the other, is intense in Galicia, more intense than, perhaps, anywhere else in Europe; and there are good reasons why it should be so. The nobles are all by birth Poles, whereas the majority of the peasants are Ruthenians; and the Poles, as even their best friends must admit, have always had a quite special talent for playing the tyrant towards subject nationalities when they had the chance. They look on the Ruthenians as an inferior race—one sent into the world for the express purpose of acting as their hewers of wood and drawers of water; and they behave to them accordingly. And all power is in their hands, it must be remembered; for, when autonomy was granted to the province, they at once took possession of the administration; and even now, although the Ruthenians number nearly one half of the population, they allow them no voice whatever in the management of public affairs. They even grudge them the franchise; and in some districts they burn their votes uncounted, or drive would-be voters away from the booths at the point of the sword. In the Landtag they reign supreme: they make what laws they choose and levy what taxes; and the consequence is, of course, that while they call the tune, it is always the Ruthenians who pay the piper. The nobles appoint the clergy and what teachers there are, and dictate to them the lines on which they must work; but the peasants have to raise the money for their stipends, and keep the churches and schools in repair. The nobles drive on roads that peasants make; they shoot over peasants' holdings; and have as guards soldiers billeted in peasants' houses. Even their land is less heavily taxed than that of the poor. Then the administration of justice is entirely in their hands, with the result that the law courts are a by-word for corruption. A peasant can rarely obtain a hearing there if his complaint be against a member of the privileged class; while for him to obtain a verdict is an almost unheard-of thing. Nor is this all: not only do the nobles decree unrighteous decrees unto the peasants, deprive them of their political rights,

and plunder them—underpay them, overtax them, and extort money from them on the most absurd pretexts; but they ill-treat them personally. They flaunt them, scoff at them, and even flog in the most ruthless fashion such of them as venture to cross their will.

Now that they have proclaimed martial law, the Austrian Government may succeed in suppressing the insurrectionary movement in Galicia; but there will never be real peace in the land until the economic condition of its people is bettered, and they are freed from the grinding tyranny of their Jewish mortgagees on the one hand, and of their Polish rulers on the other.

E. S.

COLOURS OUT OF THE EAST.

SHE was making a watercolour sketch of the lilies and roses in an old-fashioned garden. The sky was English, blurred with a veil of moisture that held faint suggestions of the sun; but the flowers seemed Oriental in their size, in their richness of colour. He lay on the grass close by her, asleep under the sun-dial. She glanced down at him lovingly, from time to time, in the pauses of her painting. He was a large, loosely-built man, with bristly, sand-coloured hair. His felt hat was tossed aside; and even in sleep his face showed kindliness and liveliness, though it was somewhat pale and flabby. She worked on for some time until she became uneasily aware of the scratching of a pencil. Her husband was sitting up, leaning against the sun-dial, and scribbling rapidly.

"You are not—writing a story, are you?" she asked.

"Yes, dearest"—the scribbling went on steadily.

"O, how I wish you wouldn't!" It was almost a moan.

The man stopped writing, genuinely astonished. "What on earth do you mean, Margaret?" he asked.

"It is all so peaceful, so beautiful." She looked down the gleaming lily-alleys—down the rose-vistas, sombre and burning. She felt the sensation of tears, but whether it were the prompting of joy, or the vague shadow of presentiment she could not tell.

"It is just ideal—I think so too—the best holiday we have had," said O'Grady, with a great sigh of satisfaction. "I wish the gods had given me the gift of the brush, and that I could paint you as you sit among the flowers. My picture should be subtle enough and symbolic enough even for your taste. I would paint the sky, the lilies, and your dear face all of the same colour and texture—a sort of gleam of pearly light. You see, I want to immortalise the moment, and as I can't paint like you, I am fain to adopt the lesser way of the pen."

"Tim, dear," she said, "I think nothing immortalises so marvellously as memory if it is left to itself. It sets a halo over every insignificant incident in the past; at every turn in it we come upon wayside shrines and consecrated plots. But, Tim, you never will leave the past alone. You write those dreadful stories about every place we go to—stories of murders, and suicides, and vampires—and your great flaring canvases blur out the subtle impressions that both of us have gained at the time."

"Why, Margaret, how extremely absurd! How can the trumpery manufactures of my plot-machine obscure our own real and vivid experiences?"

"They do," said Margaret. "We had a lovely time in Rome; but to-day Rome seems to me simply that awful tale of yours of the ghoul in the catacombs. Switzerland: it was exhilarating, perfect; but it has left nothing but your glacier-skeleton. I cannot bear to think of Brittany since you wrote that horrible story of 'The Decayed Hand.' And the Louvre is not the place where you found me copying Murillo, but the place where the starving woman in 'The Underlings' died at the base of the Venus de Milo. I wish you would write as you wrote before we were married—those charming idylls—those poems of the country and of spring."

"We must live, my dear," he replied; "and such things have gone out. I can't help it—the public must have sensation. The 'Twenty Minutes in a Boiler' kind of story, as someone has called it, is the only one that goes down. Crude—you are right: wanting in art, in grace, in delicacy—you are right. But you rake in your guineas. What does India mean? Snakes, tigers, frontier-raids. Egypt? Desert-famines and dervishes. England? Detectives and railway accidents. My dear girl, it's all the merest trickery. Take all the popular magazines of one month and analyse the plots. What do you get? Anything beautiful, original, striking? Not a bit of it! Sound and fury, signifying nothing—a series of jerky, hashed-up situations, as lifeless and mechanical as a show of marionettes."

"You do the trick a great deal too well—a great deal too well," said Margaret; "you have brought tragedy very close to our lives—intersected it at every possible point. But don't write about this garden. Let me have just this one memory, unclouded. Promise me, now—do."

"You needn't read the story," said O'Grady, smiling and rising lazily.

"I can't help it. Your stories have a horrible fascination for me," she replied. "Now, Tim, do be nice, and promise."

"You are a little goose," he said, kissing her. "Let me see how your picture is getting on."

She sighed, but said no more. They stood together before the easel. "Great Scott!" whistled O'Grady, "an extraordinary effect indeed!"

"What is wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong—only peculiar. You've got a blaze of tropic plants under your grey English sky. Where in the world did you get your colours? What intense glowing reds—what vivid greens—what whites! I would swear these paints are not European made."

"You are right. They do come from the East," said Margaret. "Joshua brought them back to me after his last voyage. He got them from a Buddhist monastery somewhere or other, I think."

"Looted?" suggested O'Grady.

"You always make fun of poor Joshua," said Margaret, a little indignantly. "I suppose my brother bought them from traders in the usual way."

"Catch Josh doing anything in the usual way," said O'Grady, "reckless madcap that he is! How he manages to wriggle out of scrape after complicated scrape is to me an insoluble riddle. I wish he would be more careful. You never can tell with these natives. Anyhow, I warrant that there is some strange tale attaching to these paints. From what glowing soils were they obtained? in what ancient crucibles prepared? what primitive charms were said over their baking? what curses of the foreign devil? and from what potter, what illuminator, were they extorted—er—purchased? Already their magic has inspired your hand; you have painted, not the English rose, but the rose of Omar Khayyam, passionate, luscious, 'full of dewy wine.'"

"Don't," said Margaret, shuddering.

"Eastern influence—it is gaining upon us," continued O'Grady without heeding her. "It has penetrated even into this old deserted garden—the colour of a civilisation and a magnificence beyond our comprehension. The splendid, treacherous East! How strange, how suggestive, to find the trail of it in your work! Here, if you like, one might discover legitimate material for a tragedy—legitimate extreme of contrast."

"Tim, you are spoiling the memory," she murmured.

But he was in a teasing mood. "Suppose," he continued, "that I made out the colours were poisoned—that they had been obtained from some

enemy, some exploited priest, some religious fanatic. I have not worked much in the poison vein, and its yields are effective. A young girl painting roses and lilies in a garden under moist English skies, the dawn of a mysterious Orient in her work, prefiguring some vivid, alien experience. She sucks the brush, as is the manner of painters, to get the point fine. She droops suddenly like a lily". . . . His face grew quite grey. "Margaret, you have not by any chance been putting the brush to your lips?"

She wavered on her feet. "I don't know—I can't remember," she said.

"You should never do that. It is very dangerous. Margaret . . . are you feeling quite well?"

"A little tired—a little faint." She fell limply against him. "This time I think we have achieved the tragedy in earnest," she murmured; "the colours were really poisoned, after all."

"No, no—it is imagination—your too vivid imagination. I was only making up a silly impossible tale. Margaret, hold up your head; rouse yourself, dearest. Indeed it is only your fancy—your pulse is beating quite strong—quite strong. . ."

He felt it as he spoke. It hardly beat at all. Her face was pale and suddenly thin. He lifted her in his arms and carried her indoors. Before he crossed the threshold he knew that she was dead. . .

There were traces of poison discovered at the inquest, but the doctors were divided as to whether these were sufficient to account for death.

ETHEL WHEELER.

AFTERNOON.

THE hostess of the sky, the moon,
Already stoops to entertain
The golden light of afternoon,
And the wan earthshine from the plain.

No rustling wings, no voices warp
The ripened stillness of the day;
Behind the Downs the sheltered thorpe
Expectant overhangs the way.

What laughter, whisper, sigh, or groan,
A hazardous, a destined sound,
Shall first usurp the airy throne
Where silence rules with twilight crowned?

Hark! hark! an antique noise! Across
The road the bellows fires anew
With jar and sough the hissing dross,
Close-raked about the half-wrought shoe.

From the swart chimney lilac smoke,
The blacksmith's prayer, to heaven ascends;
The hammers double stroke on stroke;
The stubborn iron sparkling bends.

Then voices near and far break out;
The starlings in the tree-tops scold;
The larks against each other shout;
The blackbirds scatter pearl and gold;

The jackdaws prate; the cuckoos call;
And shrill enough to reach the spheres
Resounds the brazen madrigal
Of half a hundred chanticleers.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"LIFE IS LIFE."

ALL the critics seem to be recognising that the volume of short stories which the lady who chooses to call herself "Zack" chooses to call "Life is Life" (Blackwood) is a remarkable *début* in fiction. And since I cordially agree with them, I propose to waste no time in saying once more what has been said several times already, and often enough to give "Zack" a plenty of that pleasure which is so good for a while, and still good to remember afterwards when praise becomes a trifle more difficult to be believed in: but to pay her the soberer, if not less honest, compliment of seeking the philosophy of her book, and pointing out some of its merits and its limitations together.

In the first place the tales are unequal: and by this is meant not only that tale against tale they are unequal, but that each tale has inequalities in itself. They have extraordinary vigour: but the mere telling is in places (if the word may be pardoned) decidedly "amateurish": and the very directness and force of some pages makes the fumbling work on others the more insistently obvious. At the same time—and in short-story-telling this is the root of the matter—all the tales are imaginative. Each one of them clothes, more or less effectively, an idea. And how important that is we, from whose stories the idea has too often escaped, leaving only clothes and a few tawdry properties behind, may be allowed to know only too well. The hopeful lad who seeks fortune in Australia only to find physical blindness and the bitter but wholesome lesson that life is something to be endured: the widow who glories in her motherhood although her sons are drunkards all: the lamed boy, lying on his bed and dreaming of travel: the wife who, adoring her husband, yet drives him to surrender to justice: the struggle of the inebriate against his passion: the mocking and unchanging smile of the Italian miner's "blue doll"—the image, that is, of the Virgin which he believed would bring him luck: all these are embodiments of ideas, and except as a presentation of an idea a short story is naught. You may say that except as a presentation of an idea any story, no matter what its length, is naught. But we may set up this distinction, perhaps. A short story by the simple condition of its shortness is unfitted for close and meticulous study of those many small variations which make up so much of character. It cannot dwell—it has no time to dwell—on the traits which, gradually noted and one by one recorded, make up a My Uncle Toby, or a Bailie Nicol Jarvie, or a Colonel Newcome, or an Eugénie Grandet, or a Stépane Arcadiévitch. The short-story-teller can neither dwell on a character with gusto, as Dumas dwelt on the character of D'Artagnan, nor unfold it with pawky deliberation as Miss Austen unfolded the weaknesses of Mrs. Bennet and the Reverend Collins. He cannot lose sight of his idea while he follows by-paths simply because they are amusing. He is constrained to something like the swift method of the drama: he must be summary: and having no time for long preliminaries, he must start (or such is my theory) with an idea which depends less on the niceties of human divergence, which are built up by slow differences of habit, than on passions which are the common stock of the race, and therefore swiftly apprehended, and such broad differences of character as need little more explanation than the crisis of his tale throws back on them. In short, the art of this particular form of story-telling consists in finding first an idea, and next a situation which impresses it sharply and almost at a blow. Or a situation may tease the author until at length he finds the idea which gives it meaning. But whether in conception it come first or last, in execution the idea must be present throughout. Ideas imaginatively clothed are the story-teller's final aim. They, and they only, make the difference between philosophical fiction and mere anecdotage.

"Zack," then, has ideas, imagination, and a philosophy of life. Nor can I quarrel with it because, so far as I can see, it does not happen to coincide with mine. But I may point out that, though a reasonable philosophy as far as it goes, it hardly

goes so far as the title of her book would seem to imply. To be sure in strictness the title of her book is merely the title of one of her twelve stories transferred to the cover. "Life is Life, and other Tales and Episodes"—so runs the full text of the title-page. But I imagine the authoress had the fuller application in her mind when she transferred it: and I can find little in the eleven stories inconsistent with the view of life presented in the eponymous one.

"Life is Life" she says. It strikes me as a sound proposition, and doubtless we shall all agree that it is a true one—until we begin to ask ourselves separately what we understand by the predicate.

Life is (Life):
But does (Life) = (Beer and Skittles)
or = (The Valley of the Shadow)
or = (A nice, respectable Villa)
or = (Fifes and clarions)
or = (A Convent)
or = (A House Beautiful)
or = (A Grand Deal of Miscellaneous Eating).

You can only construe by paraphrasing; and so much (you see) depends on the paraphrase. Zack in one of her stories makes an old labourer discuss Heaven with his grandson, and how his dead wife fares there. He wonders if she will have lost her incomparable knack of boiling potatoes:—

"'I reckon her hand will ha most out o' biling tatties by tha time I jines her; but law, I doan't complain, moast like tez zweet stuff they lives on up ther; I niver cud stomach zich stuff mezulf; but bless 'ee, glory hez to be paid for the same ez tha rest.'

"A vision of his grandmother's portly form arose in the child's mind as he lay and listened. 'Grandfer,' he said, 'do 'ee reckon thet grandmoather took tu wings natrel fust along?'

"Zam stopped peeling the potatoes. 'Many's tha time I've thought on thic, Joe,' he answered sorrowfully, 'and I ha moast a-feardt hur didn't; tha noo-fangled ways wez alwiz contrary tu hur, and if ther wez wan thing more than a tother hur cud'nt abide twez a loose veather in her bed . . . '"

I suggest that, as soon as we come to define the predicate in "Life is Life" there will be many who find as much difficulty in accepting it as Zam found in accepting the conventional picture of Life Hereafter; and with as good reason. Zack's title implies her claim to accept life for what it is, and so present it. I fancy she will come in time to regret both the title and the claim, as alike amateurish. As soon as an author feels able to say "Go to; I will have no easy fallacies about life. It is a stern business, often an abominably cruel and mocking business, and I am going to present it as such"—as soon as he can say this I have observed that it gives him a wonderful confidence, and encourages a wonderfully dogmatic attitude. And yet I would urge that there are aspects of life — real aspects — which are quite as truthfully represented by a cheap and gaudy chromograph as some other aspects are by the tale of a boy who learns that life is a stern business by being foisted in infancy upon a family and a heritage which are not his by right; by travelling out to Australia, where he is blinded by the hand of his own father (at the end of the long arm of coincidence) and by earning the bread of hopeless labour beside an umbrella-mender as blind as himself. Nor is Zack entirely consistent. The sternness of life in her story of "The Red-haired Man's Dream" is not a natural sternness; is not an inseparable accident of living. I, at least, can see no more in that story than a tragedy of sentiment: the retribution is precisely the retribution which any three persons must risk who play the game of philandering. Zack's three personages have their passions, and they seem to have been violent ones; but sentimentality, not nature, inspires them.

I hasten to add that from her book as a whole the note of sentimentality is conspicuously absent. On one aspect of life, and many subtleties of that aspect, she lays stress, with a clearness of vision and a forcefulness of language which admittedly make her first appearance a remarkable one, and set her apart from the throng as a writer whom the critics will have to keep their eyes upon. Of construction, beyond that of the very shortest story, she has still everything, or almost everything, to seek and find. Objection, I see, has already been taken to the Australian chapters in "Life is Life": and indeed they resemble an old machine-made melodrama torn to bits in the author's haste to provide a framework and impatience because it would not come right. It is violent as the old melodrama is violent; and it is violent again through dissatisfaction with the old melodrama. It shows little construction of its own, but the impatience which breaks up the conventional forms it tries to use comes of a genuine sense of life.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

The Old Santa Fé Trail. The Story of a Great Highway. By Colonel Henry Inman. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillan & Co.

If stories of hairbreadth escapes, thrilling adventures, surprises and massacres, can make an interesting book, then Colonel Inman's history of the old Santa Fé Trail should hold us spellbound from start to finish. For there is scarcely a page that does not contain some wonderful story of adventure with Indians, or tell us of the difficulties and hardships encountered by the pioneers as they travelled along the unknown path from Topeka to Santa Fé. But, unfortunately, although Colonel Inman has plenty to say, he does not know how to say it interestingly, and we are confronted with a book of nearly 500 pages, full of excellent material, but quite lacking in that distinction and sense of values which is so necessary in the treatment of every subject. Each chapter seems a repetition of the last, but bears no apparent relation to it, until by the mere force of wearisome iteration one reads of scalpings, midnight surprises, and kidnappings without a thrill. There is enough raw material in the book to make half-a-dozen books of adventure for boys, not to speak of one on the history of New Mexico. So far as experience goes, no one is better fitted for his task than Colonel Inman. For over forty years he lived on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains, and he took part in and knew personally the actors in many of the adventures which he relates.

It is difficult for the present generation, accustomed to regard railroads as an ordinary incident of civilisation, to realise the difficulties that beset travellers fifty years ago or even later. In a preface which is contributed by Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," that distinguished frontiersman says, "When the famous highway was established across the great plains as a line of communication to the shores of the blue Pacific, the only method of travel was by the slow freight caravan drawn by patient oxen, or the lumbering stage coach with its complement of four or six mules. There was ever to be feared an attack by those devils of the desert, the Cheyennes, Comanches and Kiowas. Along its whole route the remains of men, animals, and the wrecks of camps and waggons, told a story of suffering, robbery, and outrage more impressive than any language." In his introductory chapter Colonel Inman takes us back to the earliest known journey across the American Continent, which was undertaken about the year 1541 by one Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, a Spaniard, who appears without doubt to have followed the Santa Fé trail for many miles. His narrative of subsequent journeys and events relating to the opening up of the Santa Fé Trail are dealt with by Colonel Inman more or less in chronological order. The honour of being the first

to enter into trading relations with the inhabitants of New Mexico is accorded to a French Creole named La Lande, who, in 1804, started across the unknown plains and reached Santa Fé, where he remained and became rich and prosperous. In 1828 the first waggon expedition across the trail was accomplished by a number of young men from Franklin, Missouri. Hitherto nothing but pack animals had been used, and the narrative of the sufferings endured from thirst and hunger, and the difficulties overcome by these pioneers, is one of the most stirring in the history of exploration.

Of the many stories in the book none can compare with those of Uncle John Smith. They are told in his own words, which probably accounts for their superiority over other stories related at second hand. "Uncle John Smith, as he was known to every trapper, trader and hunter from the Yellowstone to the Gila, was one of the most famous and eccentric men of the early days. In 1826, as a boy, he ran away from St. Louis with a party of Santa Fé traders, and so fascinated was he with the desultory and exciting life, that he chose to sit cross-legged, smoking the long Indian pipe in the comfortable buffalo-skin teepee, rather than cross legs on the broad table of his master, a tailor, to whom he had been apprenticed when he took French leave from St. Louis. . . He became a sort of autocrat on the plains and in the mountains; and for an Indian or Mexican to attempt to effect a trade without Uncle John Smith having something to say about it and its conditions was hardly possible."

Another of the worthies of whom Colonel Inman has much to tell is Kit Carson, probably the most celebrated among the many frontiersmen and Indian fighters connected with the Santa Fé Trail. But in truth the whole book is crammed with stories of the rough-and-ready life of the great days when trapper and trader followed their vocations with their lives in their hands.

Several chapters are devoted to an account of the war between Mexico and the States, and the student of American history will find much light thrown upon the inner history of the rebellion. The whole book, indeed, is likely to appeal much more to the American than to the English public. The chapter which gives an account of General Hancock's expedition against the Plains Indians is perhaps the best in the book; General Custer, who was second in command, is allowed to relate the whole affair in his own words from beginning to end, and a most graphic and realistic picture of this finely planned and carried out fight is the result.

LONDON BIRDS.

BIRDS IN LONDON. By W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

IN the reign of Henry VIII. spoonbills and herons made their homes in ~~the~~ Fulham Palace grounds. When Mr. Spectator and Sir Roger de Coverley took their morning walk in the gardens of Gray's Inn, kites innumerable nested in the tree-tops. Much later the raven was a familiar London bird, known from his country cousins by the dulled plumage consequent on his rummaging in dust-heaps. Three years ago a pair of carrion crows, common once in all the central parks, still bred in the trees beside the Serpentine. Within ten years past the magpie, missel-thrush, treecreeper, nuthatch, titmouse, were denizens of inner London—all now are gone! With such rueful memories and sad regrets Mr. Hudson, ornithologist at once and Londoner, prefaces this very charming book. His laments are not mere requiems; with a few exceptions he maintains that the lost birds can be recovered, pleads earnestly for their restoration, shows how it may be achieved. That open rural spaces are necessary to the physical and moral well-being of great towns we are all agreed; and in London we have fairly secured them. Within a five or six mile radius from Charing Cross, bounded roughly by Hampstead, Hackney Marsh, Greenwich, and Richmond, and excluding areas of less than ten acres in extent, more than 16,000 acres are unbuilt upon and accessible to the public; but Mr. Hudson writes to show that they are not effectively utilised. The central parks, indeed, belong to fashionable neighbourhoods. If Belgravia, Tyburnia, Brompton, Kensington, desire artificial scenery, with sheets of exotic tulips, hyacinths, geraniums, begonias, with preserves of tame villatic waterfowl purchased by the sacrifice of predacious native birds, it is fair that they should have them; but the toiling masses who swelter in the densely-crowded districts, unbroken by tree or flower, of East and South-East London, prefer the wilder charm which Nature, unconfined by gardeners, sheds over the green lap of earth—prefer, above all, the sights and sounds of bird-life, which constitute more than half the country's charm, which neglect of avian requirements has expelled, which care and knowledge would ~~replace~~. It is noticeable that while the majority of species are dwindling or extinct, the pigeon, moorhen, dabchick, have been introduced and have increased during the last few years. Large pigeon colonies, established recently, inhabit the Law Courts, Museum, Temple Gardens, St. Paul's, Westminster Palace, and there are smaller settlements elsewhere. The moorhen, scarcely known in London twenty years ago, has insinuated itself wherever it can find a small pond with rushes, weeds, or shrubs. Strangest of all, the little dabchick, feeble-winged and timid, breeding for the first time in St. James's Park about 1883, has extended its range year by year; and though migrating in the winter, is a summer habitant as settled as the moorhen. The magpie, carrion crow, rook, daw, raven, have all been driven recently away, and would all return if their necessities were consulted. Of smaller birds we have the sparrow in myriads, the starling in thousands, the blackbird in hundreds. The thrush and robin, abounding formerly, have become scarce. The nightingale may still be heard at the upper end of Streatham Common; owls' nests are discovered here and there; while one of the winter sights of London is the host of black-headed gulls which in severe weather haunt the river and St. James's Park, protected from guns by the magistrates, and fed during the dinner-hour by hundreds of men and boys. The London bird *par excellence* is of course the sparrow. Less intellectual than the crow, he is more versatile, mischievous, cunning. Alone of all birds he is, in his London development, entirely parasitic upon man, depending on him absolutely as his food-provider, yet regarding him with ineradicable suspicion. Stroll through the parks when the working day is over, and you will see a long string of homebound artisans stopping to produce from their pockets the saved crumbs of their mid-day meal, while the sparrows, recognising their benefactors, flutter round them like hawk-moths round a flower-bed, soliciting and deftly catching the scattered fragments. You may see, too, in Battersea Park just before dusk on a February evening crowds of labourers attending on the "sparrows' chapel," as they call it, hundreds of birds congregating in some ~~one~~ large tree to chirrup and chatter an evensong exhilarating and not inharmonious. Diverting to us, he is quarrelsome and vicious towards his kind. He pulls out his fellow's tail, then persecutes him because he is tailless. At earliest dawn he quits his nest, flies round with remonstrant chirpings till he has waked up all his neighbours, then goes to bed again himself. He is capricious, too, as a human pet, tameable by some ~~one person~~, showing strong dislike to others; remaining happier and more strongly charactered in his own independent, Ishmaelite, slovenly marauding life. To the starling town and country are indifferent; he needs only breeding holes, and finding them profusely in the chimney-pots, parapet corners, church towers of London, he

sets up in them his procreant cradle, two miles sometimes from any feeding ground. He is a splendid bird in his metallic spangled sheen; his strident chatter, compared by Mr. Hudson to sawfiling, grotesquely arresting; the evolutions of his vast armies in the autumn evenings a sight never to be forgotten—unless driven away intentionally he will be always with us. The blackbird is more numerous than the thrush, the thrush than the robin—all three will be lost to inner London unless suitable breeding-grounds are secured to them. The many ducks in the Serpentine and elsewhere are cared for both by the keepers and the visitors. They are mainly of the mallard strain; but Mr. Hudson condemns as unscientific the system by which they are periodically weeded out, and looks upon the annual "shoot" of the sub-ranger and his friends as a vulgarism only possible to cockneys.

The parks vary greatly in their adaptation to bird-life. Amongst the best are Holland Park, which, of course, is private, Highgate and Churchyard Bottom Woods, Waterlow and Wanstead Parks. Battersea, Clissold, and Kennington Parks are all naturally good and well-protected; Finsbury Park is promising; Regent's Park singularly suitable, but the birds are not invited. Hampstead Heath is the hunting ground of birds'-nesting boys and professional bird-fanciers; it needs sanctuaries in special spots, with rushes and water-plants upon the ponds. Clapham Common has been smoothed and trimmed into monotony, and is no place for birds. The four central parks are also bad, but an island in the Serpentine would attract aquatic life. The obstacle to restored and sustained colonisation is in no case the climate, smoke, or crowds of a town; its abundance and variety are due absolutely to the encouragement which the birds receive. Unprotected, all urban spaces lose their inmates; where attention is paid to them, where the curators and gardeners are sympathetically provident and watchful, they increase and thrive. Bird-catching and nesting must be prevented; cats, the deadliest of all plunderers, excluded by wire fencing; fresh blood might be introduced into the worn-out colonies, as by placing rooks' eggs from the country in the Gray's Inn nests; while in the same way the blackbird would become nurse to missel-thrushes, the starling to the nuthatch, the sparrows foster-parents to any of the hard-billed birds. Crows and daws should be imported; they would soon become acclimatised, and the loss of a few ducks' eggs is a cheap price to pay for their presence. Swans should be excluded from all but the larger sheets of water; on small ponds they look out of place; they are mischievous, and their plumage becomes dirty. Barbarities there have been in the past—witness the melancholy topped trees of Greenwich Park, the wanton destruction twenty years ago of the noble grove in Kensington Gardens, the horrible avenue of black poplars at Tooting Bec, the lamentable vestryising of the open space in Fulham Park, the desolation already wrought by the undiscerning axe in the lovely ground at Kew, lately given up to the public by the Queen! This book, if widely read, will make their repetition impossible. It is well and easily written, containing (as at pages 169, 269) passages of singular beauty. It is relieved by numerous amusing anecdotes—of the Hyde Park raven and the lady's bracelet, of the crow and the cottage-loaf, and of the same bird as a mouser; of Mrs. Melford's pet daw; of the rook who brought uncouth offerings of gratitude each morning to the pillow of his benefactress; of the moorhen's nest decorated with peacocks' feathers; with the pathetic record of the homing pigeon, shot by a young miscreant on Hackney Marsh, a card attached under its wing, on which was written the brief message, "Mother is dead." The illustrations add greatly to the enjoyment of the book—we would specify Mr. Hook's heads of the three Corvidæ, his pigeon on Shakespeare's statue, the begging and the love-sick sparrow; there is weird beauty in Mr. McCormick's wintry views, great charm of selection in the photograph of the dabchick's nest which ends the work. It will give to many Londoners a new sense, a new interest, let us hope a new activity; a sense of unsuspected charm in the life of movement and of song which haunts their walks; an interest in discriminating the widely different species which compose it; an active interposition with councils, corporations, vestries, to ensure its preservation and extension, for the benefit of all whose love of Nature has survived what Byron calls the "sordor of civilisation"—on behalf of those especially to whom green trees and wild flowers and birds are the sole attainable refuge from the close air, packed slums, lowering environments affixed by Fortune to their monotonous, toilsome, joyless lives.

THE ETHIOPIAN KING.

With the Mission to Menelik, 1897. By Count Gleichen. London: Edward Arnold.

Captain Count Gleichen is a young officer of the Guards, who saw service in the Nile expedition and was sent with the very select escort who went with Mr. Rodd on his mission to Menelik. He has written a very bright account of what he saw, illuminated by some glimpses of a wider political intelligence, and illustrated by numerous excellent sketches and photographs. The expedition did not see a great deal of Abyssinia. Starting from Zeila, they kept in British Somaliland until near to Harrar. From Harrar they travelled to Addis Abbaba, 271 miles. Now it is about as far from Addis Abbaba to Magdala as to Harrar, and as far again to Addowa, while the mission were convinced that the Abyssinian dominion extends far to the south, and goes near to the sea, south of Cape Guardafui. In fact, the dominions of Menelik, though loosely defined, stretch from near the equator to the 15th parallel of north latitude—as far, in fact, as from Cairo to Khartoum, or from Hamburg to Madrid. The Mission were not apparently able to learn anything definite as to Menelik's power westwards towards the Nile, but it would seem that he and his people are at least accustomed to raid across provinces which lie in the way of our road from the Cape to Cairo. Menelik is therefore perhaps the greatest and most powerful native ruler now left in Africa, not excepting the Sultan of Morocco. He may be a useful friend; he certainly is a dangerous enemy.

Parts of his country have certain attractions for Europeans in search of elbow room. Harrar is 6,448 feet above the sea, and at that elevation the climate is tolerable even on the ninth parallel. Addis Abdara is nearly 8,000 feet high. The aspect of some of the upland country reminded the Mission of the Surrey hills. It is a well-watered country, good for corn and cattle. We doubt, as we read, whether Abyssinia may not be as good a white man's land as Matabeleland. But it is perfectly clear that so long as Menelik lives no Europeans will find the colonisation of Ethiopia a profitable enterprise. When the Italians started operations twenty years ago, they had only to deal with the Northern Abyssinians. Menelik has overthrown the northern dynasty, made the whole of his country one, and defeated the Italians. His people may not be progressive, and are certainly ignorant, but they are very proud and accustomed to fighting. They treated Gordon with contumely before the Mahdist rising; they have maintained themselves against the dervishes; they have reduced the Gallas (a warlike race from whom some think the Zulus sprang) to slavery, and have never been thoroughly beaten by anybody. It may be doubted if any other tropical race have so good a record. To have maintained an independent Christian power through all the ages so near to the holy places of the Prophet was no small achievement, and it is not surprising that the Abyssinians have been greeted by the Slavs. There can be no doubt whatever that under a ruler like Menelik (who is an able and intelligent man,

though he cannot write) they deserve to be let alone, to progress slowly in their own way, without any interference from European Governments, and, whatever happens in Uganda or the Soudan, English officers must be strictly instructed to avoid conflicts with Menelik.

It is worth noting that he was pleased by the serious way he was treated by the British Mission. "Other nations," he said, "have treated me like a baby, and given me musical boxes, and magic lanterns, and mechanical toys; but you have given me what is really useful and valuable. I have never seen such things before." This in allusion to a rifle, and field glasses, and a carpet, and a life of Alexander the Great printed in Ethiopic in London. His notion of rough justice may be exemplified by the orders he issued to those with whom the Italian prisoners were billeted, that in case of a quarrel between an Italian and an Abyssinian the latter would always be held to be in the wrong, and punished accordingly. It is noteworthy that he required the treaty with England to be written in French as well as in English and Amharic, taking warning from a bitter experience of variation between the Italian and Amharic text of the treaty with Italy. His chief European adviser, by the way, is a French-Swiss engineer. Whether the treaty is worth anything time alone can show. Under it Englishmen in Abyssinia will be under Ethiopian protection and not under that of their own Government, as in most semi-civilised countries. Menelik evidently intends to avoid the creation of extra-territorial privileges.

LYRICS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE WIND IN THE TREES: A BOOK OF COUNTRY VERSE. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson). London: Grant Richards.

THIS is Mrs. Hinkson's seventh book of poems; beginning with "Louise de la Vallière" in 1885, she has since published "Shamrocks," "Ballads and Lyrics," "Cuckoo Songs," "Miracle Plays," "A Lover's Breast-Knot," and now this latest example of her lyric voice. It was in her third volume that she first clearly revealed a personal art, a control, command, and concentration of her powers; and that not, as often happens, at any loss of emotional freshness or sincerity. She reached her highest point, she sounded her deepest and sweetest note, in "A Lover's Breast-Knot," a book of "lyric love" for living and for lost, possibly too intimate in its beauty to attract the crowd. This little volume made clear her right to a distinguished place beside Mrs. Browning, Miss Rossetti, and Mrs. Meynell. It is full of the wifeliest and motherliest passion, without even one pardonably false or feeble poetic note. It is a little book, but great. Mrs. Hinkson's new volume is just what it claims to be, "a book of country verse." For the most part, notwithstanding an occasional striking of the severer chords, this is her gayest anthology of lyrics, which carol like the birds, and murmur like the breezes of the ideal May morning. It is verily her "Canticle of the Creatures." To her Franciscan sense of nature and all living things, friendship with a tree, a flower, a bird, a beast, comes by instinct, not by poetic pose and fancy; she sings, as it were, the nursery songs, the folk-songs, of nature herself. Doubtless her best poems are those in which the artlessness of feeling, so artfully expressed, is touched with something of human or divine emotion; but even where that is absent the poems are beautiful. We will quote one of her most simple and moving numbers:—

Often I wish that I might be,
  This gay and golden weather,
Among my father's fields—ah, me!
  And he and I together.

Below the mountains, fair and dim,
  My father's fields are spreading:
I'd rather tread the sward with him
  Than I would dance at a wedding.

O, green and fresh your English sod,
  With daisies sprinkled over;
But greener far were the fields I trod,
  And the honeyed Irish clover.

O, well your skylark cleaves the blue
  To bid the sun good-morrow;
He has not the bonny song I knew
  High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often I'm longing still,
  This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face on an Irish hill,
  And he and I together.

There is no poem in the book without its unique grace, or its pleasant humour, or its Irish charm, its happy dealing with the green earth and her inhabitants, its beautiful dreaming of the white heavens and of theirs. To read these lyrics is to walk in a sweet and dewy garden, thinking of Paradise, of Arcadia, and of Ireland.

THE REIGN OF HENRY IV.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE FOURTH. Vol. IV., 1411–1413. By J. H. Wylie, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

M. SEIGNOBOS, an eminent French scholar, applauds those historians who resist the natural temptation to divide facts into great and small ones. Mr. Wylie, in his "History of Henry IV.," has overcome this temptation to a degree that is almost unique. All facts are alike to him, but the order in which they are arranged is, unfortunately, almost equally a question of indifference. Yet we are not of that class of critics who have objected to Mr. Wylie's over-minuteness, and against whom he successfully breaks a lance in his short and modest preface. We wish that every epoch of English History had its Mr. Wylie, but we regret that some want of care in the marshalling of the great hosts of knowledge that he has brought together should distract the attention of the more careless reader from the very remarkable merits of Mr. Wylie's book. If we put our chief complaint in the forefront of our review, it is because we wish to have done with it. We are not unreasonable enough to expect Mr. Wylie to change his plan at the end of his book, but rather admire his persistence in adhering to it. We gladly turn to the more grateful task of congratulating him on the completion of one of the most elaborate and scholarly pieces of minute investigation in recent English historical literature. In Germany such a book would make a man's reputation, and Universities would compete to make him a professor. In England solid service of this description is only too apt to be slighted, or to be contemptuously passed by as mere food for Dryasdust. But it is to *ouvrages de longue haleine* like this, the fruit of the well-spent leisure of a long official life, that we must look for the advancement of historical science. It is not until all the facts of English history have been digested, classified, and sorted that we can construct those broad views of the great underlying issues that Mr. Wylie so modestly renounces for himself in favour of some coming historian.

It is too late to speculate on the might-have-beens of this book, but we cannot but regret that Mr. Wylie did not adopt the method of treatment which is now so popular in France for minute historical work. Had he divided his subject aright, he might have given us in a few luminous essays all that we could wish for as to the general character of Henry IV.'s reign, and have compressed his "crowd of details" still further to form annals and "a catalogue des actes" of Henry IV., on the model, let us say, of M. Luchaire's *Louis VI.* But it is the penalty which English scholars pay for the haphazard character of our education in the technicalities of historical research that these questions of method are just those in which we English writers are most apt to be deficient. We wish to tell everything at once:

we do not pause enough to divide and classify; and we are too much the slaves of the method of strict chronological narration. In short, we print our note-books instead of writing from our notebooks a really digested account of our investigations. Mr. Wylie must be content to incur blame of the sort to which a writer so illustrious as Mr. S. R. Gardiner has not infrequently made himself liable. In this book there is everything that you want; but the puzzle is where to find it, and the difficulty is how to read it consecutively in the order presented by the writer. Not even the admirable and exhaustive index (a piece of stupendous labour, we feel sure) can really completely compensate for this defect. The equally excellent "glossary of rare and obsolete words" is a real contribution to Late Middle English lexicography, but we confess that it seems something like a *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Wylie's habit of bestrewing his pages with carefully collected archaisms, though these, together with the too numerous footnotes, make it hard for the ordinary man to read Mr. Wylie's text. As an example of Mr. Wylie at his worst, we would refer to the chapter on Tannenberg. But as an instance of him at his best we would quote the excellent summary chapter that brings his narrative to an end. Yet, for all his wilfulness, Mr. Wylie has the root of the matter in him. His research is not only minute but remarkably exhaustive, and extraordinarily accurate. Though his desire to quote everything and everybody now and then leads him to introduce references to secondary or modern sources that might as well have been cut out, he is essentially a sound and sane critic, who knows how to discriminate between evidence of various types, and who sets before us what is best and most reasonable. There are few books so long and so elaborate that provoke so little criticism of details. When we have gently protested against the undue faith in mediæval statistics that collects the wild legends of the numbers slain at Tannenberg, and is not excited to suspicion even by the familiar formula of "60,000"; when we have corrected a half-dozen tiny slips, put "Count" for "Duke" of Flanders on p. 123, removed the unnecessary *Umlaut* in "Innsbrück" on page 255, we are quite contented to accept the facts as he gives them. The more we have used the volumes of his book the more we are impressed with the precision, as well as the exhaustiveness, of his statements. Mr. Wylie's History will be the starting-point for all future research on the period which he has so thoroughly made his own. He knows these fourteen years as no one else has ever done. Society, manners, dress, commerce, language, literature, religion, are alike included within his sphere, for Mr. Wylie in no wise limits himself to the political history of England. He also makes no unimportant contributions to the general history of Europe, and is as familiar with his "Hanserecesse" and his "Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum" as with his "Rolls of Parliament," or his "Duchy of Lancaster Records," his "Gower," or his "Hoccleve." One important feature of this volume is the printing in appendices of the notes taken by Mr. Wylie in his researches in the archives of London and Lille, and other centres, while in other appendices he indulges to the full in his taste for miscellaneous learning. We can there read of the strange career of Phillippe de Mézières, and a new and interesting letter written by Sir John Oldcastle to King Wenzel of Bohemia. Side by side with careful lists of ministers, parliaments, and the like, are an itinerary of Henry IV., a list of mediæval trades, a table of English and foreign coins, and a most interesting table of brasses and effigies illustrative of contemporary fashions. From every point of view the book is packed full of information, and will be found indispensable to all workers on the period. We hope that with the conclusion of his great work Mr. Wylie will not end his researches but continue to give mediæval students the benefit of his guidance and direction.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. LV. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE fifty-fifth volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography" claims a highly respectable place in the series as regards the general average of interest, but has perhaps only one name of the first class — Jonathan Swift. Mr. Leslie Stephen does not now write of Swift for the first time, and neither he nor anyone else could add much to a theme so thoroughly investigated, but he has produced a perfect monograph. Perhaps the two most important memoirs after Swift's are also those of Churchmen, Archbishop Tait and Jeremy Taylor. The statesman-archbishop and the Coryphæus of pulpit oratory have been respectively entrusted to an English dean and an Irish Unitarian minister, who have done themselves equal credit by their liberality and impartiality. Another ecclesiastical statesman is treated in the person of Archbishop Stratford, who played a great part in the reign of Edward the Third, while Canterbury has yet another representative in the person of the gentle Archbishop Sumner; nor is his brother, the marvellously fortunate Bishop of Winchester, forgotten. The clan of Taylor, of course, musters very strong, and amply vindicates its patent for producing persons of ability. After Jeremy Taylor, the most important is the author of "Philip van Artevelde," upon whom Mr. Leslie Stephen has written admirably; but the articles on Isaac Taylor and his sisters, Thomas Taylor the Platonist, Tom Taylor the dramatist and critic, John Edward Taylor the journalist, and Meadows Taylor, the Indian officer and novelist, are also full of interest. That on John Taylor the water-poet is remarkable for the extensive bibliography appended. The Talbots, renowned for deeds in France, also supply a large contingent, as do the Stuarts, although the latter do not seem so prolific in eminent men as might have been expected. John McDouall Stuart, the Australian explorer, is one of the most remarkable, and is associated with a kindred name in the volume, Sturt. Among purely literary names, Suckling, Symonds, and Talfourd are perhaps the most conspicuous, and the last-mentioned also deserves notice as a lawyer. A much greater legal name is that of Sugden, Lord St. Leonards; and in medicine one overshadows the rest—that of Sydenham. It is remarkable that the medical education of this illustrious physician should have been so defective, but the absence of constraint may have promoted the development of his strikingly original powers.

THE GENTLE ART.

HARRY DRUIDALE, FISHERMAN, FROM MANXLAND TO ENGLAND. By Henry Cadman. London: Macmillan & Co.

IN a breezy style this enthusiast portrays the sport of angling for the past twenty years from the point of view of the angler whose expertness has been tested in well-fished waters, not in the highly-preserved waters only open to the wealthy few. The angler of the present day may be divided into two classes—the man who fishes from a real love of the sport, and the man who fishes for the sake of emulation. The angler of the latter class wants an opponent, someone to fish against. Now fishing is given us for recreation, not to break records; and the true angler angles for his own pleasure, not for the sake of catching more than anybody else. Accordingly, in many respects an angling contest is very objectionable. The author does not spare the mercenary angler, though, like other sportsmen, he is delighted with a full basket. Nothing irritates him more than some busybody looking into his basket. The late Mr. Russell, editor of the *Scotsman*, was once fishing in the Highlands when the trout would not take. The parish minister, a stranger to him, impudently looking into the basket, remarked: "I see you have done very little good." Irritated,

Mr. Russell retorted by alluding to the small congregation of the minister: "Yestreen I took a look into YER CREEL, but oo! ye had a *sma'* tak'."

Mr. Cadman tells us how he got the name "Druidale," and how he became a fisherman. Fifty years ago, when he was seven years of age, he was bathing with some other boys in the river Neb, one of the pure streams of Mona, when he spied something which appeared to have life in shallow water near the shelving shore. He approached cautiously, and with both hands chucked it on the shore; and oh, joy! it was a magnificent trout of two ounces—his first trout. Soon was he initiated into the mysteries of tickling and loobing; but the charm of capturing trout with the worm in clear water made him despise the other methods. The true sportsman soon begins to appreciate the difference between taking fish by force and luring them to their own destruction by false pretences. When he was about eleven years of age he had his first experience of the excusable weakness of some anglers, which produces the crop known as "anglers' yarns." He had caught four trout with worm, when two gentlemen bought them for fourpence. "Now, my boy," said one of them on parting, "you will meet two gentlemen fishing down the river; don't tell them you have sold us your trout." During the summer, six youths decided to encamp for a fishing excursion at Druidale, the highest position of the river Sulby in Manxland. Mr. Cadman gives a humorous description of their journey, as they tandemed the donkey to drag their impedimenta up the slope of 1,200 feet. Their sport was excellent, for it was long before the rivers were thrashed by crowds from the large cities. Enraptured by this fishing excursion and bivouac, the author from that time adopted the *nom de plume* of "Harry Druidale."

Druidale, after a few more visits to the streams of Mona, thought he was qualified to distinguish himself in the rivers of the larger island. So he accordingly fixed upon the Derbyshire Wye that he might pass from the raw stage of worm-fishing to the gentle art of fly-manipulation. Soon he found that the deadly style of his boyhood was looked down upon, and that the only sportsmanlike mode of fishing was the fly, made by the angler himself. Bewitched by the mysterious niceties of the upfly-fishing, Druidale made angling his lifelong sport. He tackled the Clwyd, Elwy and Llugwy in Wales, and the Tweed in Scotland; but he found his fullest enjoyment on the Wharfe in Yorkshire and the Eden in Cumberland. After instilling into the young the love of fishing, he teaches them by his life-experience how to become successful fishermen. Fly-fishing is the most intellectual as well as the most enjoyable method of fishing for trout; for the angler has always to exercise his mind as to the kind and size of fly to use on any particular occasion. A fisherman who does not make his own flies loses half the pleasure of fishing; accordingly he gives a list of the most serviceable, and the best methods of dressing them. He also illustrates fishing down stream, though he prefers up stream. This he does in a most charming style; one, reading his narrative, feels the thrill of the hooking of a half-pounder. At times the stone-fly is very deadly. It may be used in the creeper form, and then in the full fly. But it is a very precarious lure, and requires very gentle handling. Trout often take minnows well when the river is rising, about the time the ordinary bed is covered with water. So far as his experience goes, the best chance of hooking a fish is when the minnow is travelling exactly across the current; and this can be effected to the greatest possible extent by making the cast rather upwards. The only excuse he makes for worm-fishing is when a man has journeyed far, and his time is limited. He illustrates the several methods in the waters of the Kilnsey Angling Club, over a ten-mile course.

One of the most entertaining chapters in the volume is the account of an evening in September at the Tennants' Arms, Kilnsey. Druidale is in great form telling his fishing yarns, Jerry the keeper making a capital second. The keeper tells the story of the pawky Mr. Thompson, the vicar of Addingham. On several days at the end of May the parson brought in large baskets of trout, much bigger than usual, and he always said he had caught them with "fly." The other members of the club caught next to nothing, and they were quite wild about it, and began to think that Mr. Thompson caught the trout unfairly, so that one day a member was commissioned to watch him, and spot where he went to. The watcher found him turning over stones by the riverside, and then fishing up the water with a very short line. The parson took some time to cast again after a take, and this raised his suspicions. Accordingly, he pounced upon the unsuspecting angler, and found him in the act of baiting the natural stone-fly; so the murder was out. The rest followed suit and enjoyed splendid sport. Druidale follows up with the story of the parson and the barmaid. He had dragged his weary bones after a day's fishing in the Aire to the Skipton Station refreshment-room, being overcome by a big thirst. The facetious barmaid, after serving him, told him of a parson who had just been in. "I have just got very wet," the parson said to her; "I got in above my waders, and I want to avoid catching cold; please give me a glass of whisky." On getting this, he deliberately poured it down the right leg. He then asked for another, and he poured it down the left leg. Then he trotted out and said he would be all right. The barmaid remarked that he should have put the whisky inside as a more certain preventive of cold. Story after story runs on for pages. In connection with the Yorkshire Anglers' Association, Druidale pays a grateful tribute to the memory of Mr. T. E. Pritt, its founder, who for many years was the angling editor of the *Yorkshire Post*. With this genial angler there was many a feast of reason and flow of soul. How delightful it was to listen to his yarns! On one visit of twelve days that experienced fisherman caught on the Cumberland Eden 300 capital trout. Until Carlisle is reached, this river is practically unpolluted; hence the abundance of trout life. The lower reaches, too, are at certain seasons frequented by salmon, sea-trout, and harling. On one occasion Druidale and Mr. Pritt compared notes as to why, after a good fresh, anglers frequently have good sport; and in long-continued drought, bad. They came to the conclusion that in a drought of considerable duration the beds of our streams teem with minute atoms of life, and upon these atoms the trout feed. If the moss on the stones is examined, thousands of minute things about half an inch long are found, and trout stick to these in preference to worm or minnow. But a good fresh washes many of these minute atoms away; and, after a time, when there is an end of the floating feast, the fish fall victims to the seductions of the angler. Mr. Pritt slily added—"When trouts' tails are up we all know that there is no use in our lines being down."

The author protests against Mr. Dewar's assertion that, as a rule, the wet-fly fisherman's object is to sink his flies as much as possible, and that, as a rule, he does not look for rises. As we lately mentioned in our favourable notice of Mr. Dewar's interesting book on "Dry-fly Fishing," this style is quite unique. The angler watches for the rises and casts over the fish for a bite; whereas the wet-fly fisher casts where he only guesses that there may be a trout. Druidale compares the latter to a man finding game with the assistance of his dog; while the former is one who has the game driven over him. Yet he has the greatest respect and admiration for the "dry-fly purist and his art." The volume contains details of hundreds of baskets to please the initiated; but the general reader will be charmed with the author's artistic descriptions of mountain and river scenery and the excellent illustrations which adorn its pages.

FICTION.

THE FOREST LOVERS: A Romance. By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

GRACE O'MALLEY: PRINCESS AND PIRATE. By Robert Machray. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

THE SHROUDED FACE. By Owen Rhoscomyl. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

A VERY striking book is "The Forest Lovers," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and it would have been more striking still if the author had been able to restrain himself in one or two minor particulars. He has affected an archaic style, and, cleverly though he has adapted himself to this style, the affectation continually spoils the effect he seeks to make. But the book is a very powerful one, containing some brilliant passages to which the reader is glad to turn again after his first perusal of the story. The scene is laid in England, but in an England so remote as to be almost beyond our ken. It is a land covered with forests, with here and there the castle of a great nobleman, or the monastery of some wealthy and imperious abbot, commanding a stretch of open country. It is an Arcadian England, in fact, but an Arcadia in which rogues and cut-throats abound, and the gallows that is to be found at every turn furnishes the sole reminder that law and civilisation are not absolutely unknown. The heroine is a patient Griselda, the lost daughter of a great feudal lady who owns castles, and towns, and monasteries and forests, but who has not been able to safeguard her one ewe-lamb. The girl, Isoult by name, having been entrusted to the wicked Abbot of Holythorn, has by him been ingeniously transferred to the keeping of a ruffian and his wife, a reputed witch. The abbot desires her death, because he believes that when once assured that she is dead the Countess Isabel, her mother, will make the Abbot of Holythorn heir to her vast possessions. A scoundrel monk, Galors by name, desires, not her death, but that she should become his mistress, and it is when he is pursuing the girl in the forest that she is rescued from his clutches by young Prosper Le Gai, a youth of noble family who has set forth to find adventures in the world after the fashion of youths in the good days of romance. Prosper knows nothing of the girl's birth, but he learns that she will assuredly be hanged on the morrow as a witch, by decree of the wicked abbot, unless she is married at once to someone who will remove her from the scene of her misery and shame. The young man knows nothing of women, and desires nothing, but he is the soul of chivalry, and when once convinced that Isoult is innocent and pure he makes her his wife, in name, to save her from the gallows. Then the girl, whose heart is at once drawn towards her champion and deliverer, follows him meekly to the nearest convent, where Prosper delivers her unharmed to the Lady Abbess, who undertakes to protect and educate her. But he hides from the abbess and the world at large the fact that he has made her his wife, and from that error springs misery to many. Plots and counterplots are woven around both Prosper and Isoult. The false monk Galors, acting through an accomplice of his, a forest Vivien who leads a life of self-indulgence and crime in a castle of her own, entices the girl from the shelter of the convent, and she falls once more into imminent danger of death, or something worse. Prosper himself is hated by the magnificent wanton, one of whose most cruel misdeeds he had witnessed, and whose love-making he had repelled. So he, too, becomes the subject of villainous plots and brutal attacks. For a time the fortunes of both hero and heroine are as low as they well can be, whilst, to add to their misery, they are separated from each other, for by this time Prosper himself has fallen in love with the girl who is at once his wife and no wife. How the romance ends the reader must learn for himself in a book which has a singular freshness and beauty, despite its literary affectations. It is one which ought to command a wide popularity.

"Grace O'Malley" is an historical romance of something more than average excellence. There is a straightforward simplicity in the way in which the tale is told that commends it to the reader's sympathy, and there is something about it of the true historical flavour. The picture of Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth is striking and picturesque, and not untrue to history. Grace O'Malley, who, inheriting her father's chieftainship, took upon herself the continuation of his work as a rebel and pirate of the seas, is a remarkable figure, and the author has painted her for us with a loving hand. We are introduced to the abortive attempts of the Irish rebels to overthrow the sovereignty of England with the help of Spain, and in the course of the narrative we are introduced to many stirring scenes of battle and adventure, and to incidents not less thrilling of individual daring. The merit of the book lies, as we have said, in the convincing simplicity with which the tale is told. The characters are well drawn, and move with ease and vigour across the stage; the love element which is introduced into the book blends with the story naturally and adds to its attractiveness. In short, Grace O'Malley may be recommended to all who love a good historical romance, as well as to all who wish to get a better knowledge of the distressful country at one of the most important epochs in its history.

We have met Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl before, and have a keen recollection of his stirring tales, "Battlement and Tower" and "The Jewel of Ynys Galon." In "The Shrouded Face" he once more introduces us to Wales and to Welsh life at a time when there was more of lawlessness and violence among the people than could be found either in Ireland or on the Scottish borders. The story is one that equals in interest and excitement either of its predecessors, and it has qualities of its own that prove that its author is steadily advancing in proficiency in his craft. The tale is that of a terrible feud between a mysterious stranger, who first appears upon the scene with his face concealed by wrappings, and a Welsh chief, Brynglas by name, who lives in an almost inaccessible castle surrounded by a band of "red hands" or outlaws. Brynglas is no better, despite his long pedigree, than a ruffianly cut-throat. He and his dependents wage war by land and sea upon the more peaceful folk around them, and so strong is he in his inaccessible castle that such law as there may be in the land shrinks from trying conclusions with him. In his old castle he keeps prisoners immured, and lives himself under the domination of his witch-like mother. At the outset of the tale he has ridden into Carnarvon for the purpose of finding two adventurers who will help him in a certain enterprise in which he cannot appear personally. This is nothing less than the forcible abduction of his cousin, a certain Lady Nerys, whom he desires to marry, not merely for the sake of her beauty, but because of her wealth. He finds the adventurers he seeks in the person of the grim man from foreign parts whose face is always hidden by a blood-stained bandage, and of a youth, named Rowland, who is the teller and, in one sense, the hero of the story. The man with the shrouded face, though Brynglas knows it not, is his bitterest enemy, who has come home for the very purpose of exacting vengeance from the man who has wronged him. It is the wife of the man with the blood-stained bandage who is held captive in the castle of Brynglas, and it is his lands that the Lady Nerys has inherited on a false report of his death, and that Brynglas seeks to obtain by marrying the owner. As for Master Rowland, the other adventurer, whom the unwitting Brynglas seeks to make his tool, he is a hot-headed fool with whom the reader soon loses patience, but who, nevertheless, is destined to win the prize which fate prescribes for the hero of a romance. We have said enough to indicate the materials out of which "The Shrouded Face" is compounded. It is a rattling story of peril and adventure, containing some passages which make the reader hold his breath as he hurries to

the end of the episode. There is plenty of fighting of a sanguinary kind; there are many hairbreadth escapes, some distinctly thrilling, and there is an excellent love-story running through the whole plot of cruelty and crime. In short, "The Shrouded Face" is spiced so highly that it should satisfy the most jaded appetite. Our only doubt is whether the spice may not be too strong for some tastes.

THE HAMPTON COURT PICTURES.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF HAMPTON COURT. Illustrated. By George Law, B.A. London: George Bell & Sons.

THIS handsome book is the outcome of a fine enthusiasm. It has been brought out, not like similar works on other public galleries, by State officials at the public expense, but by a private individual at his own cost and charge, and "with an earnest desire to supply what seemed to him to be a public want." It is to be hoped that Mr. Law's industry will be rewarded. Among all the thousands who drive or row or cycle to Hampton Court during these summer months, there should be many to whom his work should be welcome. A picture gallery that is worth "doing" at all is worth "doing" well, and he who would study the canvases at Hampton Court will find this guide invaluable. It might be said, indeed, that the real Maze at Hampton Court is in its picture galleries; Mr. Law claims to have corrected "something like a hundred and fifty errors in the current attributions, some of them touching the finest and most excellent works in the gallery"; while "about twenty-five historical portraits, which are wrongly named, the misnomers dating in some cases from the time of Charles I., have had their true names suggested," and "some ten others, hitherto unnamed, have been, by the light of the investigations of M. Niel, the late Sir George Scharf, Sir William Franks, Mr. Lionel Cust, and other specialists in portraiture, in conjunction with the testimony of the old records, once more, after the lapse of centuries, recognised under their correct designation." A valuable feature of the work is the inclusion among the illustrations of a number of the Italian pictures to be seen at the Palace, very few of which, as Mr. Law mentions, have ever before been reproduced.

A SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1898. London: Cassell & Co.

A FINE volume of reproductions of pictures which have been hung in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy is here offered to us. And it is issued in artistic and yet thoroughly serviceable binding—a point of no small importance in days when some publishers give us books in red covers the colour of which comes off on to the hand which uses them.

Prefaced by Mr. M. H. Spielmann with a vigorous assertion of the claims of British art, "Royal Academy Pictures" contains nearly two hundred pages of plates, all of them useful as memorials, many of them highly successful as works of art. Three instances of the latter may be mentioned: Frank Walton's "Evelyn's 'Silva'—Wotton, Surrey"; Stanhope Forbes's "October"; Ernest Crofts's "To the Rescue." Among the smaller illustrations, those of Gloag's "The Magic Mantle"; of S. E. Waller's "Safe"; of Byam Shaw's water-colour, "The Queen of Spades"; and of Richard Jack's "Circe" are remarkably good. A number of pictures which will not be reproduced elsewhere have been allowed to be included in the number found in this book; there is, therefore, a special as well as a general reason for its being highly commended to all lovers of English painting. It will also be found to form an admirable gift-book for friends in the Colonies and on the Continent who have not been able to visit London this season. Indeed, the title of the volume is too modest, for some excellent illustrations of sculpture are included in "Royal Academy Pictures."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Now that the holiday weeks of the year are beginning, guide-books are about the only kind of literature which jaded people care to master. One of the pleasures of a vacation consists in the wide freedom of choice which presents itself in these days of rapid travel to a man who can command at best only two or three weeks of unbroken leisure. The difficulty of selection is always tantalising, and yet it is pleasant for the imagination to travel in directions where the feet are scarcely likely to follow. Sweden, to the majority of English tourists, is practically an undiscovered country, and it certainly deserves to be better known. During the last ten years the tourist system has been introduced, but very little has been done to make known in other lands the facilities which now exist for rapid and pleasant travel. The Swedish Touring Club has just published an English "Guide to Sweden," illustrated by fifteen coloured maps and several excellent plans. It proves to be an admirable manual, full of explicit facts and practical hints concerning the means of getting about, the excursions which are most attractive, the cost of living, the best hotels, and a score of other topics. This by no means exhausts the interest of the volume, for Swedish art and literature come into view, and much detailed information about the chief cities, historical points of interest, scenery and sport. It may be as well to explain, for the benefit of prospective tourists, that the Swedish Touring Club, an association which has a membership of about fifteen thousand, is prepared to give at its chief office in Stockholm, "free of charge to all comers," the fullest information about routes, cost of travel, and, indeed, anything that a stranger can reasonably desire to know. Besides this, at four hundred places up and down the country the Club has accredited representatives who are willing to give local information to strangers. By the exertions of the Swedish Touring Club, new routes have been recently opened up through the majestic mountain scenery of Central and Northern Sweden. It is possible for foreigners to get on easy terms cards of membership, and the advantages of association are undoubtedly great. "The summer begins in South Sweden in the middle of May; in North Sweden as late as the end of June; the close is respectively in September and August. Between these months is naturally the best time for touring; then the days are long, and plains, woods, and mountains are decked out in their fullest beauty. For the traveller, however, who has a taste for the might, stillness, and loneliness of Nature, a Swedish winter presents unrivalled charms, with the opportunities it offers for sleighing or ski running through vast woods of snow-laden pines and firs, and for skating on immense sheets of ice; and though the days are short they are sunny, and the nights, albeit long, are marvellously light and clear. In autumn, too, the land of Sweden is a very paradise for followers of the chase." First-class hotels are, of course, only met with in Stockholm and five or six other large towns; but the country inns are, as a rule, clean and homely. The rivers are plentifully stocked with fish, and angling is everywhere a favourite pastime. Canoeing, owing to the rapids, is an exciting pleasure on many Swedish rivers. The situation of Stockholm is one of extreme beauty. A German writer, Max Nordau, describes how the Almighty must have selected a section of Scottish lake scenery, a portion of the sea-coast of Naples, a few of the islands of Hyères, some granite hill-tops from the Ural Chain, and then, shaking them well up together in a large caldron, poured the mixture out upon the banks of a bay of the Baltic, where they form the capital of the kingdom of Sweden and bear the name of Stockholm. Being built on islands and peninsulas for the most part, Stockholm is abundantly supplied with waterways in almost every direction, and they form the chief feature in the city's charm. Along the shores of these waters a rich variety of scene meets the eye—quays, markets, stately promenades, busy streets, fine parks, and on the south side lofty cliffs. An extremely interesting account is given of the Royal Palace, the National Museum and Picture Gallery, and other famous sights of the capital. There is a good index in the volume, and, as we have already hinted, the practical needs of strangers are kept steadily in view.

Amongst other guide-books which have just appeared are "Black's Guide to London" and "Boot's District Guide to London." Both are well known; indeed, the first is in its tenth edition, and the second in its eighth. There is truth in the assertion that the first question which confronts the compilers of such volumes is not what to put in, but what to leave out. London is, broadly speaking, ten miles square, and, as Mr. Hope Moncrieff points out, a walk of sixty miles would scarcely carry a man round the space by its countless houses. He has entirely rewritten "Black's Guide," and has sought to compress into a well-written narrative of one hundred and fifty pages the facts which nine visitors out of ten desire to know. He assumes that the man who buys the book is an intelligent stranger who knows next to nothing of the metropolis, and in a series of walks around the town he does his best in an agreeable way to dispel such ignorance. The literary flavour of the volume is conspicuous, and the clearness with which its information is given is praiseworthy. "Boot's District Guide" appeals to the man in a hurry. It contains a really wonderful coloured map, many illustrations, and a multitude of facts pithily stated. It is one of the best popular handbooks we have ever seen. The map is divided into sections, and about eight thousand references are given to streets. John Bright once said, "I have spent six months in London every year for forty years, and yet I know

* THE SWEDISH TOURING CLUB'S GUIDE TO SWEDEN. Maps and Plans. London: George Philip & Son.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS. Edited by G. R. Hope Moncrieff. Tenth Edition. Map and Plans. London: A. & C. Black.

BOOT'S DISTRICT GUIDE TO LONDON. Edited by E. R. Osware. Coloured Maps, Plans, etc. Eighth Edition. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

OUR FRIEND THE HORSE. By Frank Townend Barton, F.Z.S., M.R.C.V.S., Author of "Unsound Horses, and How to Know Them," etc. Illustrated. London: Dean & Son.

FOODS FOR THE FAT. By Dr. Yorke-Davies. Tenth Edition. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE POET'S WALK. Chosen and Arranged by Mowbray Morris. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

nothing about it"; and yet there is scarcely a place in the world, perhaps, which is as interesting, or one which so amply rewards study.

Mr. Townend Barton, a well-known veterinary surgeon, has just written an admirable critical book on "Our Friend the Horse." He claims to give all that is known about every breed of horse in the world; and he not merely describes all varieties, from Clydesdales to American trotting-horses, but he describes the anatomy of the horse, the diseases to which it is liable, the best methods of training. There are useful chapters on stables and stable-management, foods and feeding, buying and selling, as well as hints as to how to determine whether a horse is sound in wind or limb, or not. One important section of the book relates to foreign breeds of horses from Russia to Persia, and from Norway to Australia. The volume is finely illustrated, and brings within brief compass a great deal of information which cannot fail to be useful to breeders and owners and all who are interested in the horse in the direction of pleasure or profit.

The dietetic cure of obesity is explained in common-sense terms by Dr. Yorke-Davies, a well-known authority on the subject, in "Foods for the Fat." He lays stress on the fact that the disease of corpulency—for disease it is—creeps on so insidiously and slowly that few people awaken to the need of dealing with it until it has assumed a dangerous form. "Happily for the victim of obesity, if he is blessed with too much sense to be gulled by the lying advertisements of the quack, science comes to his aid, and his diet, without curtailing very much the pleasures of the table, may be so arranged that, with benefit in every way to health, and with undoubted increase in length of life, he may be safely and permanently reduced to normal weight and dimensions." The principles of dietetics are lucidly explained in this book, and much sound and reliable advice is also given in untechnical language. The book has reached a tenth edition in the course of a comparatively short time, and that is not a matter of surprise, since it deals so thoroughly with the questions of diet, exercise, and treatment.

"The Poet's Walk" is the attractive title which Mr. Mowbray Morris gives to a choice anthology made in the interests of boys. This collection of poems is marked by catholicity of taste, and Mr. Morris wisely keeps almost exclusively to poets of assured reputation. He has added brief critical notes and an index of authors, and in the preface he explains his ideas of the legitimate range of such a compilation. The book is one which merits a wide welcome.

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